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Selections.

THE INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY.

SPEECH OF HON. HORACE MANN,

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

In the House of Representatives, August 17, 1852.

MR. CHAIRMAN: On former occasions, I have expressed myself so much at length on the relations which the free States are made to bear to Slavery, that I did not propose at this session to present any further views upon that subject. But the ban which the late Baltimore Conventions have haughtily proclaimed against free discussion; the recent, though, as I believe it will be found, the temporary silencing of my friend, Mr. Sumner, at the other end of this Capitol, who has long desired to speak, and the still later choking down of the gentleman from Connecticut [Mr. Cleveland], on this floor, have induced me to reconsider and to change my determination. I am willing to be reasoned with, and always grateful, when, for good cause, I am convinced; but when an attempt is made to take from me all option in regard to my exercise of a clear right, I find a sufficient motive for exercising that right in the mere act of disobedience.

I must begin by taking a brief retrospect. The war against Mexico was waged to rob that sister Republic of her free territory, for the sake of widening the domain and confirming the despotism of Slavery. On the subject of the robbery, the country was divided into Whigs and Democrats. On the wicked uses to which the territory robbed was to be put, it was divided into North and South. Fourteen out of the fifteen Northern States passed resolutions, most of them unanimously, or nearly so, in favour of excluding Slavery by positive law from whatever territory we might acquire. The South did not then ask for any legislative permission to extend Slavery there. But in pursuance of the doctrine of the great ordinance of 1787, the North demanded legislative exclusion. Every body at once foresaw that this question would be involved in the then next Presidential election. It was remarkable, and certainly the historian will remember it, that no leading man of the South came out in favour of the Northern doctrine; for the principles of universal liberty are so congenial to the human heart, that it is difficult to conceive of five or six millions of people, in any age or country of the world, without a single man among them ready to assume the championship of freedom. It is still more remarkable that any Northern man should have ventured to espouse the cause of Slavery. One, however, was found, capable of doing it. It was strange that he should have been of New England lineage. It was thrice strange that a man educated, enriched, honoured, by a people who had themselves been rescued from all the curses of Slavery, and blessed with all the exuberant blessings of freedom, by the ordinance of 1787, should have proposed to open half a continent to all the curses he and his people had escaped, and to shut it from all the blessings he and they had enjoyed. But such a man was found. General Cass thought so basely of his party at the North, that he supposed he could carry them against Slavery restriction. If so, then their union with the pro-slavery South would make a triumphant majority: and hence the well-known Nicholson letter. But that letter recoiled upon him, and, in the canvass of 1848, overthrew him. The original temptation, however, still remained, and acted with increased force. The South stood firm. They were a compact body of Abolitionists, though the thing they desired to abolish was human freedom. They spoke out plainly, and offered their support and their votes to the Northern man, Whig or Democrat, who would most thoroughly bend or break himself to their purposes. Under the lead of General Cass, many of the Democratic party were seduced, and deserted. But until the 7th of March, 1850, no Northern Whig yielded to their enticements. On that day, however, Mr. Webster, in the Senate of the United States, offered to abandon the ordinance of 1787—then known as the "Wilmot Proviso." He offered to give an additional slave State to Texas beyond what she could claim under the unconstitutional resolutions of annexation; he offered to support, "to the fullest extent," that most atrocious fugitive slave bill, then before the Senate, by which all custom-house officers, and the seventeen thousand postmasters of the United States, were to be made judges, and to be invested with power over human liberty, and to have, each one of them, not local, but unlimited jurisdiction throughout the United States; and he offered to give $200,000,000 to fortify and perpetuate the institution of Slavery, by removing from the Southern States the dreaded element of the free coloured population. Two hundred millions of dollars—a profusion and a prodigality magnificently Websterian! I am here only referring to facts which, as everybody knows, have become history.

Here, then, we see that two conspicuous leaders of the Northern Democrats and Whigs planted themselves upon Southern ground. When the race for the Presidency consisted in adhesion to the slave power alone, it was not to be expected that the competitors would be few. Mr. Buchanan forthwith caused it to be understood that, on his part, he was willing to run the line of 36 deg. 30 min.—the Missouri compromise line, so called—through to the Pacific ocean, and surrender to Slavery all upon its Southern side. Mr. Dallas, late Vice President under Mr. Polk, in his letter to Mr. Bryan, of Texas, went farther, and proposed to incorporate the compromise measures, and the fugitive slave law itself, into the Constitution, so as to put their repeal beyond the power of a Northern majority. Senator Douglass followed. He sugared his pill. He told the South that we have cotton lands, and rice lands, and tobacco lands enough; but alas, said he, we want more lands for sugar,; by which the South perfectly understood that if they would make him President, the annexation of Cuba should be their reward. This is the same gentleman who has lately said, in a secret session of the Senate, that if the Sandwich Islands should be annexed to this country, and a question should arise about excluding Slavery from them by law, he would vote against it. During all this time, affairs were ripening for the Baltimore nominations. Mr. Fillmore offered to the South, Army and Navy to catch a poor fugitive, where only a constable's *posse* was needed. Mr. Webster trumped up false treasons by scores against Northern Anti-Slavery men. The President travelled North and South, making speeches redolent of pro-slavery. The Secretary travelled still more, *milting* pro-slavery letters and speeches wherever he went. Certainly the reason why any of the above-named parties did not get a nomination at Baltimore was not because of what the law calls *laches*, or "want of reasonable diligence" on their part.

I come now to the Baltimore Conventions themselves, which were held in June last. Every one knows that the great question of human Slavery had a controlling influence in those bodies, and determined their results. With a vast majority of their members, Pro-Slavery or Anti-Slavery was the one overmastering motive and end. In the Democratic Convention, the pro-slavery sentiment was nearly unanimous. Its members had been sold into that perdition, by the lust of money or the ambition for office. Yet even they were held in check by the apprehended thunders of the voice of the people behind them. If they did not recoil from the crime, they feared its punishment. In the Whig Convention, the men who were ready to sacrifice honour, duty, religion, to the demands of Slavery, was a large majority, and might have nominated their most ultra pro-slavery candidate on the first ballot. They could have effected this just as easily as they effected their pro-slavery organization, and appointed a committee on credentials who excluded Anti-Slavery men, and a committee on resolutions who accepted a Southern platform, prepared for them beforehand by Southern hands. But these Belshazzars, too, like him of old, saw the hand-writing upon the wall, and they knew that, with such a candidate, they were doomed to utter and remorseless defeat before the people. In both Conventions, however, the spirit of Slavery was so strong and so badly brave, as to carry the resolutions I am about to read. The Democratic Convention resolved to

"—abide by and adhere to a faithful execution of the acts known as the compromise measures, settled by the last Congress—the act for reclaiming fugitive slaves from service or labour included."

And further, they

"Resolved, That the Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the Slavery question, under whatever shape or colour the attempt may be made."

And the Whig Convention

"Resolved, That the series of acts of the Thirty-first Congress, commonly known as the compromise or adjustment (the act for the recovery of fugitives from labour included), are received and acquiesced in by the Whigs of the United States, as a final settlement, in principle and substance, of the subjects to which they relate." * * "And we deprecate all further agitation of the questions thus settled, as dangerous to our peace, and will discountenance all efforts to continue or renew such agitation, whenever, wherever, or however made."

Now, what an outrage is this! Does not our Constitution provide against "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press"? Why secure this freedom in the organic law, if the tyranny of a social law can abolish it? Of what value is that provision in the Constitution, which secures the free exercise of religion, if social intolerance and bigotry, acting in an unlegalized way, can destroy it? Yet, here are two Conventions, utterly unknown to any of our constitutions, whether State or National, invested with no powers, legislative, judicial, or executive, coming together for a day, and then scattered and sunk in individual obscurity; yet lifting up their pigmy voices against the mightiest impulses of the human heart, against history and Providence, against the fiat and the Spirit of God himself; resolving that mankind shall be dumb in regard to the greatest of human wrongs; and resolving, also, that a law passed by a Republican Government, yet as barbarous and tyrannical as was ever made by any despotism, shall be consecrated in its wickedness, and remain eternal.

Two Baltimore Conventions, assuming to quench the eternal spirit of liberty—that spirit which was a part of the inspiration of the prophets of old, when they commanded the tyrants of the earth to "undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free;" that spirit which gave all its heroism and splendour to the classic land of Greece, and made its memories immortal; that spirit which gave to Rome its colossal proportions of physical and intellectual grandeur: that spirit which, in the darkest night of the world's history, climbed Alpine heights and sheltered itself in the fastnesses of Alpine mountains, inaccessible to tyrants; which, at another time, found protection within the dykes of Holland, barring out the rage of the ocean, and the more remorseless rage of despotic men; that spirit which has given to England, and to English history, all their undisputed claims to renown, and to the gratitude of mankind, and which, when persecuted and driven from England, crossed the Atlantic, spread itself over this open continent, and, having been nursed by more than two hundred years of struggle and discipline, now bids defiance to the world—this God-like spirit of liberty, immortal, invulnerable and indestructible, two ephemeral Baltimore Conventions undertake to ban! Xerxes chaining the Helespont was wisdom personified compared with them; ay, it would be too dignified and honourable an illustration to compare them to two old male Mrs. Partingtons, mopping out the Atlantic!

Why did not these insane men propose to do something which is at least conceivable? Why did they not propose to turn back the order of physical events, rather than to violate the more infrangible and irresistible laws of moral progress? Why did they not order the oak back into the acorn, or the bird back into its shell, or the earth itself back into its first geological epoch, rather than to order the enfranchised spirit of the nineteenth century back into the gloom and bondage of the dark ages of the world? Why did they not lift up the wand of their arrogance and audacity towards Arcturus and the Pleiades, and attempt to move round the constellations of the heavens as you would move round the hands on the dial-plate of a clock? Such hallucinations would be at least within the limits of human conception, and would, therefore, be free from the folly and atheism of attempting to stifle the voice of freemen discussing freedom.

Sir, to resolve that the Slavery question shall be discussed nevermore, is to resolve the memories of all the heroes, and martyrs, and saints, whose names make all the bright pages of human history, into eternal oblivion. It is to resolve the history of the American Revolution, and of all its actors, into forgetfulness. It is to resolve the noblest faculties and aspirations of the human soul into non-existence. Under any fair and legitimate construction of such a resolve, it embraces the whole meaning and force of that infamously celebrated decree of the French Convention, that "There is no God." I do not say this by way of rhetorical embellishment, or to impart greater emphasis to a period. I say it because it is literally and strictly true; for the just and benevolent God who sits upon the throne of the Universe must himself be silenced before the cry against the cruelty and injustice of Slavery can be quelled.

Let us see, for a moment, what is the nature of the burden these Baltimore Conventions have taken upon themselves. By forbidding us to speak upon a given subject, they compel us to examine that subject, and see if duty does not require us to speak upon it. They leave us no option; and if the discussion shall prove unpalatable, they may thank themselves for provoking it. Let me inquire, then, whether it be not demonstrable that the relation of Slavery between man and man comprehends, perpetuates, multiplies, and aggravates all forms of crime which it is possible for a human being to commit. Is the stealing, even of a shilling, a crime? Slavery steals all that man can call his own; and is not the whole greater than a part? Is robbery, which is defined to be the taking of any part of a man's goods, "from his person, or in his presence, against his will, by violence, or putting him in fear," a crime? Slavery answers the exact definition of the law-books, for it is by violence, and by putting in bodily fear, that a master ravishes from his slave all his earning, and all his ability to earn, from birth till death. And again, I say, is not the whole greater than a part?* Is the destruction of any man's house by fire a crime? How much greater the crime of preventing millions of men from having a house they can call their own? Is concubinage a crime? In this Union, all the adult portion of more than three millions of people are now forced to live in a state of concubinage. Is it a crime to abandon innocent females to the lusts of guilty men, without the slightest protection of law? In this country, a million and a half of females constantly are so abandoned; and the rearing of dark-skinned beauties for the harems of republican sultans is a systematized and legalized business. Is it a crime to break asunder all the ties of human affection, to tear children from the arms of their parents, and parents from each other? There is no conjugal, or parental, or filial affection among more than three millions of people in this land, which is sacred from such violation. Is it a crime to let murder and all other offences go unpunished? There is no form of crime which a white man may not commit against a slave with entire impunity, if he will take the precaution to let none but slaves witness it. The darkening of the intellect, the shrouding of a soul in the gloom of ignorance, the forbidding of a spirit which God made in his own image to commune with its Maker, is more than a common crime; it is sacrilege; it is the sacrilege of sacrileges. It is a crime which no other nation on this earth, civilized, heathen, or barbarian, ever committed to the extent that it is committed here. And yet this locking of the temple of knowledge against a whole race, this drawing of an impenetrable veil between the soul of man and his Maker, this rebellion against all that God has done to reveal Himself to His offspring through the works of nature and the revelations of His providence, is enacted into laws, guarded by terrible penalties, and administered by men who call themselves Christians, as though Jesus Christ could have subscribed or executed such laws. It is a crime unspeakable to deprive men of the Gospel, and of freedom to interpret it; but the slave code does this, by withholding letters from the slave, and thus postpones the true enfranchisement and salvation of his soul to another life, when he can no longer be of any use to his earthly master. Would it be a crime to practice some demoniac art, by which the growth of body and limbs should be arrested in childhood, and the victims should be left with only infantile powers to contend with cold, nakedness, hunger, and all the hosts of pain? Then it is an infinitely greater crime to inflict wickedness and ignorance upon those glorious faculties of the mind, by which alone its possessor can solve the mighty problems of future destiny, of eternity, and of the soul's weal or woe. I repeat, then, that the worst forms of all the crimes which a human being can commit—theft, robbery, murder, adultery, incest, sacrilege, and whatever else there is that inflicts wide-wasting ruin upon society, and brings the souls of men to perdition—the word Slavery is the synonym of them all. Analyze Slavery, and you will find its ingredients to consist of every crime. Define any crime, and you will find it to be incorporated in Slavery, and aggravated by it.

As the complex and infinite meaning of the word GOD cannot be adequately understood until you analyze it, and divide and subdivide it, and add to it the thousand names of omnipotence and omniscience and omnipresence, of infinite justice and holiness and benevolence, of all sanctities and purities and benignities, of all energies and beauties, of all wisdom and all law; so when you penetrate and lay open the infinite meaning of the word SLAVERY, it resolves itself into all crimes and all cruelties, all debasements and all horrors. The telescope of the astronomer resolves the star-dust of the universe into refulgent systems that glorify their Maker; the telescope of the moralist resolves the Tartarean cloud of Slavery into all the impieties and wickednesses that deform humanity.

Now, between these two great antagonisms, between God and the Right on one side, and Slavery and the Wrong on the other, these two Baltimore Conventions have chosen the latter. They have said to Evil, be thou my Good. They have voted to annul God's laws. They have resolved that discussions on the great question of human freedom, which involves the whole question of free agency and human accountability, and the entire plan and order of the Divine government, shall be silenced.

So much for the intrinsic nature of Slavery, which the Baltimore Conventions have wedded as their bride. Now let us look at some of the collateral wrongs, the self-stultification and atheism, for which Slavery in this country is responsible, and which those conventions, therefore, have sanctioned and ratified, and declare their purpose to continue.

When a nation is born into the world, possessing the attributes and prerogatives of nationality, it is the moral duty of existing nations to welcome it into the brotherhood of the human family. Such recognition of a new sovereignty tends to increase commerce, to forefend war, and to diffuse the blessings of knowledge, science, and the arts. It becomes, therefore, a duty. Yet, what is the posture in which this Government stands to Liberia and Hayti? Great Britain, with France, Prussia, and other continental nations, have acknowledged their existence. We refuse, and stand aloof. And this for no other reason than to gratify a colourphobia which dreads equity as the hydrophobia does water. Writers on national law call nations a moral entity. We find colour in a moral entity, and repudiate its claims. Contrast the alacrity of this Government in recognising slaveholding Texas with its utter refusal, for a quarter of a century in one case, and for half a century in the other, to recognise the Free Soil governments of Liberia and Hayti. This is one of the collateral wrongs growing out of the repugnance of Slavery to do justice to the coloured man anywhere; and the taint of this moral disease at the South spreads its infection over the North.

Mark a great sign and proof of the depravation in the public intellect, originating in the same prolific source of wrong. The blasphemous argument has been put forth, that God foreordained and instituted African Slavery amongst us for the ultimate and consequential purpose of carrying civilization and christianity into Africa. Not only has the logic of the politician and the ethics of the moralist been corrupted into this falsity, but even the divine, with the preservative power of the gospel of Jesus Christ in his hands, has endeavoured to reconcile our people to the crimes and the curses of Slavery by this impious argument. They maintain that God has looked with complacency upon all the atrocities of the African slave trade; that the groans and agonies of the Middle Passage have ascended as a sweet-smelling savour before his throne; that He has seen with approval, within the last three centuries, forty millions of native Africans—yes, sir, forty millions, for that is the estimate number—almost double the entire population of this country, and more than one-third more than the present population of Great Britain and Ireland put together—of native Africans, torn from their homes and driven through gates of fire and realms of torture, to bondage and to death; that, during all this period, He has looked with delight upon the most frightful forms of war, the pillage and conflagration of cities, and wholesale murder, and man-stealing worse than murder, not only raging along the eastern and western shores of that devoted continent, but at times extending their ravages and havoc twelve or thirteen hundred miles inland; and that His benign providence is still fulfilled by the successful prosecution of the slave trade, though for every thousand human victims in Africa, it is estimated that only three hundred finally reach their earth-born hell of Cuban or Brazilian sugar or cotton fields. Now, that God sent out slaves from Africa to America, at this inconceivable cost of crime on the one hand, and of suffering on the other; that His providence has raised up hosts of fiends in the shape of men, century after century, for the roundabout purpose of carrying Christianity and civilization into Africa, in some remote age, we know not when; this is the blasphemous doctrine we are made to hear from the political rostrum, the lecture-room, and, incredible to relate, from the pulpit itself!

Now, I say, sir, that, to impute any such cruel-hearted and simpleton-minded scheme to our All-wise and benignant Father in Heaven, is wild and wanton impiety and blasphemy. No parallel can be found in heathen mythology where such short-sighted folly and crime have been charged upon any of the bloody gods of all their pantheons. The very hypothesis is founded on an inversion of history, and it pre-supposes for its conception a perversion of the human intellect.

The system of enslaving Africans was commenced in ancient times by the Egyptians and the Arabs, and carried on in later periods by the Moors. Was that for the sake of carrying Christianity into Africa? In modern times, the same system, with unspeakable aggravations, has been prosecuted by all the commercial nations of Europe and of this continent. From time immemorial, therefore, Africa has been made the hunting-ground of the man-stealer. For thirty or forty centuries, malice and mammon have wreaked their vengeance upon that devoted land. All crimes and calamities, conflagration, pestilence, brutality and havoc, have been poured over it in crimson floods. To confine our views within the last three centuries alone, who can adequately conceive the effects of robbing a continent of forty millions of people in so brief a period, with all the wars, devastations, cruelties, and treacheries, which stand out as the terrific incidents of such a stupendous crime? Nor has this storm of wrath expended itself upon the coasts alone. As I said before, these man-hunting forays and ravages have swept inland for twelve or thirteen hundred miles, further than from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, as far as from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes. Such has been the diffusive character of this continent-o'erwhelming crime. And it is in this that we find the cause of Africa's degradation, not the hopes of her redemption. The white man has created the very barbarism which he now impiously uses before Heaven as an excuse for the crime of creating it. Foreign intercourse engrafted the full developed vices and crimes of civilization upon that barbarian stock. The sins of the white races created the very necessity for that civilization, which, as they now profanely contend, the further sin of Slavery is to supply. The cause of African barbarism was Slavery; and, according to the argument, the remedy is Slavery. The white man clutches the profits, while he throws off the wickedness upon God. But what kind of a God does he give to the black man, who suffers equally both from disease and remedy?

MR. MASON. I desire to ask the gentleman from Massachusetts a single question. I wish to call his attention to the fact which I learn from the history of the race, that the three millions of negroes in the United States who are slaves, are in a better condition, physically and morally, than any three millions of the African race that have existed since we have any authentic accounts of them. I ask the gentleman whether he does not consider the improvement in the moral and physical condition of these negroes sufficient to counterbalance the evils which necessarily grow out of the institution of Slavery?

MR. MANN. That is a fair question, and I am ready to answer it. According to the laws of population, which govern barbarous nations, Africa has as many inhabitants now as it would have had if the robber had never invaded her domain, and stolen away her children. Among barbarous tribes, the population presses upon the means of subsistence. It tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence increase. Remove a part of the great family from the table whence they are supplied, and their vacant places will be soon filled by others, according to the law of natural increase. As to those who, like Malthusian theory holds good. Therefore, we have not diminished the number of suffering, degraded, and demoralized beings in Africa, by one unit, in consequence of taking a portion of their ancestors from them.

MR. MASON. What would have been the condition of these three millions of negroes had not their ancestors been brought to this country? Would they not, by degradation and starvation, have gone out of existence?

MR. MANN. They would never have come into existence; but their places amongst us would have been occupied by a white population of our own race, or of some race kindred to our own. Other men would have been substituted for them—whites for blacks, freemen for slaves.

MR. MASON. Are not our slaves better off, both morally and physically, than any three millions of negroes ever were in Africa?

MR. MANN. Before the gentleman institutes a comparison between the moral and physical condition of the black race here and in Africa, he must see what has caused their degradation at home. Remember the awful facts that forty millions of the best of them—selected men and women—within the last three centuries, have been torn from home, and that these ravages have not been confined to the eastern and western shores, but have pierced inland; so that the country has bled at every pore—at every vital organ—and conceive, if mortal imagination can conceive, what effect this, of itself, must have in making and keeping a people barbarian. And, after all, what has been the social condition of the interior tribes, who have had less communication, and been less corrupted by the "lower law" nations? Travellers inform us that, generally speaking, they are a mild, docile, peaceable people—not aggressive and predatory, land-robbing and man-hunting, like the British in India, or ourselves on this continent. They are contented, companionable, home-loving, and unwarlike. Some of the early Christian Fathers, as the gentleman must well know, were Africans; and there is every reason to believe that Christianity would have spread southward from the Mediterranean into Africa, quite as fast as northward into Europe, and would even have encountered less opposition from the stern and unyielding nature of the people, but for the demoralizing elements injected through every vein and artery of their system by the stronger nations of the earth.

MR. MASON. I think the gentlman might give many other reasons than the one which he has named, why the Africans have not become more civilized. I think he might find reasons for it in the history of that race for the last thousand years, and in the history of the missionaries who have gone amongst them. The Catholics have been there for several hundred years, and have established churches, but have always abandoned them; although I see by the last reports that they are trying it again. I think the gentleman could find a reason for it in the nature of the black man, as made by his Creator. He is not capable or susceptible of any of these qualifications in any other state than a state of Slavery. The three millions who have been reduced to Slavery in this country have been placed in a better condition than any of the race have been known to exist in. The gentleman admits that fact.

MR. MANN. Has the gentleman read Dr. Shaw's Travels in Africa?

MR. MASON. I have read some extracts from Dr. Shaw's Travels.

MR. MANN. Dr. Shaw relates the manner in which the Western Moors of Africa had traded, "*from time immemorial*," as he says, with the native tribes on the banks of the Niger, without ever having violated the charter which prescribed the mode of traffic:

"At a certain time of the year," says Dr. Shaw, "they (the Moors) make this journey in a numerous caravan, carrying along with them coral and glass beads, bracelets of horn, knives, scissors, and such like trinkets. When they arrive at the place appointed, which is on such a day of the moon, they find in the evening several different heaps of gold dust, lying at a small distance from each other, against which the Moors place so many of their trinkets as they judge will be taken in exchange for them. If the Nigritians the next morning approve of the bargain they take up the trinkets and leave the gold dust, or else make some deduction from the latter. In this manner they transact their exchange, without seeing one another, or without the least instance of dishonesty or perfidiousness on either side."*

Now, contrast this picture with the honesty of the black men in this country, or of the white men either. Contrast it with the fact of our infinite mercantile frauds from the forgery of custom-house invoices, through adulteration and false weights, and false measures, down to the shower of lies which is so often rained upon his goods by the last retailer, affirming them to be what he knows they are not, and make your own comparisons as to what the race is here, and what it might have been, but for man-stealing, there.

MR. MASON. The gentleman must not understand me as being an enemy of the African race; but I look upon them as being an entirely different people. If the effect of civilization is to make men dishonest, we had better not try to civilize the Africans.

MR. MANN. And now, as the argument is, that God ordained American Slavery as the means of civilizing and christianizing Africa, let us see what kind and style of civilization and christianity it is which our example proffers them. The most conspicuous features in the civilization of this country, are, that it holds more than three millions of human beings in ruthless bondage; that the spirit which governs the country, has lately annexed slaveholding Texas, because it was slaveholding; that it has despoiled Mexico of her richest provinces, in the hope of making them slaveholding also; and that it has attempted to rob Spain of Cuba, and still means to do it; that two millions of our white children are growing up without schools; that intemperance is a common vice among the people, and not an uncommon one among rulers; and that in our cities the rich and the strong live upon the poor and the weak, almost as much as in the waters on which they are situated, the great fishes eat up the little ones. When some one asked John Jacob Astor how so many men found business in the city of New York, his reply was: "They cheats one another, and they calls that business." The wealthy have more houses than they can live in, the costliest furniture, wardrobes, equipages, libraries, and all that art and nature can produce, while thousands of the children of the same Heavenly Father, around them, are houseless and shelterless, naked and hungry. Such is the type of the civilization which our example proffers to Africa.

And how do our "lower law" apologists for Slavery dispose of the American coastwise slave trade among the facts of their impious argument? In 1820, Virginia had a slave population of 425,153. According to the ratio of increase in the whole slave population of the United States, her slaves, in 1850, should have amounted to 800,000. But the actual number was only 472,528, that is, more than 300,000 less than the proportionate natural increase. This number, or at least most of them, must have been sent to the South for sale.

In 1833, Professor Dew, of William and Mary College, said that Virginia exported her own native population, at the rate of 6,000, for which she received $1,200,000 annually.

So in 1820, the slave population of Maryland was 107,398. Making all due abatements for manumissions and escapes, this number should have increased, in thirty years, to nearly 200,000. But in 1850, it was only 90,368. The difference has gone to the remorseless South? And doubtless, in most of these cases, members of families have been torn asunder—man from woman, parents from children.

The same slave trade is carried on from North Carolina. The slaves are borne from the less rigorous bondage of the Northern slave States to a more unrelenting prison-house. *Is this, also, in furtherance of God's gracious purpose of spreading christianity and civilization over Africa?*

Our christianity secures the Trial by Jury, and the Great Writ of Freedom, *to ourselves*, but disfranchises and outlaws, and puts beyond the pale of human sympathy, an entire race of a different colour. But when have we sent to Africa a colony of Americans to teach them the arts? When a Las Casas to teach them christianity? The missionaries we have sent them have been rum and fire arms. The arts we have taught them have been those of treachery and man-stealing. In what we took, and in what we gave, we [illegible] curse. And yet Doctors of Divinity and political aspirants dare tell us that God looked down through the vista of the ages, and, seeing this frightful form of civilization afar off, with all its attendant ministers of vengeance, and woe and death, bade the gory demon advance!

MR. POLK (interrupting). I ask the gentleman from Massachusetts to point me the condition of the black race in the non-slaveholding States.

MR. MANN. At the proper time I will attend to that subject. It does not belong to my present course of argument.

MR. POLK. I insist upon it now, sir.

[Loud cries of "Order!" "Order!"]

MR. MANN. If the gentleman will show me what right he has to insist upon it, I will obey him; but not until he does.

MR. POLK. I consider the attack which the gentleman is making upon the South as unworthy of a member upon this floor.

[Renewed cries of "Order!"]

MR. MANN. The gentleman from Tennessee must not, in the first place, forbid our discussing the subject of Slavery——

MR. POLK. I forbid nothing but slanders upon the institutions of the South.

[Shouts of "Order!"]

MR. MANN. And then when we get a chance to discuss it, undertake to determine upon what topics discussion shall be had.

MR. POLK. I say that a gentleman upon this floor has no right to perpetrate such vile slanders upon the South, when he does not hold himself personally responsible——

[Loud shouts of "Order!"]

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Tennessee is out of order, and must take his seat.

MR. HARRIS, of Alabama. I rise to a question of order, and I wish to have the question decided. The gentleman from Massachusetts has now been, for the last three-quarters of an hour, assailing the established institutions of one half of this Union—existing institutions, existing under the Constitution of the United States. I ask if that be in order? I call him to order upon the ground that it is not in order, and I want the question decided by the Chair.

THE CHAIRMAN. The Chair will state that the latitude of debate upon these bills is very great, and is very difficult indeed——

MR. POLK (interrupting). I would ask the Chair one other question. Is it right that the gentleman from Massachusetts should assail an institution of the South, with which we are all connected, in a manner that is insulting in its character, when he does not hold himself responsible for his insults, amongst them. The Catholics have been there for several hundred years, and have established churches, but have always abandoned them; although I see by the last reports that they are trying it again. I think the gentleman could find a reason for it in the nature of the black man, as made by his Creator. He is not capable or susceptible of any of these qualifications in any other state than a state of Slavery. The three millions who have been reduced to Slavery in this country have been placed in a better condition than any of the race have been known to exist in. The gentleman admits that fact.

MR. MANN. Has the gentleman read Dr. Shaw's Travels in Africa?

MR. MASON. I have read some extracts from Dr. Shaw's Travels.

MR. MANN. Dr. Shaw relates the manner in which the Western Moors of Africa had traded, "*from time immemorial*," as he says, with the native tribes on the banks of the Niger, without ever having violated the charter which prescribed the mode of traffic:

"At a certain time of the year," says Dr. Shaw, "they (the Moors) make this journey in a numerous caravan, carrying along with them coral and glass beads, bracelets of horn, knives, scissors, and such like trinkets. When they arrive at the place appointed, which is on such a day of the moon, they find in the evening several different heaps of gold dust, lying at a small distance from each other, against which the Moors place so many of their trinkets as they judge will be taken in exchange for them. If the Nigritians the next morning approve of the bargain they take up the trinkets and leave the gold dust, or else make some deduction from the latter. In this manner they transact their exchange, without seeing one another, or without the least instance of dishonesty or perfidiousness on either side."*

Now, contrast this picture with the honesty of the black men in this country, or of the white men either. Contrast it with the fact of our infinite mercantile frauds from the forgery of custom-house invoices, through adulteration and false weights, and false measures, down to the shower of lies which is so often rained upon his goods by the last retailer, affirming them to be what he knows they are not, and make your own comparisons as to what the race is here, and what it might have been, but for man-stealing, there.

MR. MASON. The gentleman must not understand me as being an enemy of the African race; but I look upon them as being an entirely different people. If the effect of civilization is to make men dishonest, we had better not try to civilize the Africans.

MR. MANN. And now, as the argument is, that God ordained American Slavery as the means of civilizing and christianizing Africa, let us see what kind and style of civilization and christianity it is which our example proffers them. The most conspicuous features in the civilization of this country, are, that it holds more than three millions of human beings in ruthless bondage; that the spirit which governs the country, has lately annexed slaveholding Texas, because it was slaveholding; that it has despoiled Mexico of her richest provinces, in the hope of making them slaveholding also; and that it has attempted to rob Spain of Cuba, and still means to do it; that two millions of our white children are growing up without schools; that intemperance is a common vice among the people, and not an uncommon one among rulers; and that in our cities the rich and the strong live upon the poor and the weak, almost as much as in the waters on which they are situated, the great fishes eat up the little ones. When some one asked John Jacob Astor how so many men found business in the city of New York, his reply was: "They cheats one another, and they calls that business." The wealthy have more houses than they can live in, the costliest furniture, wardrobes, equipages, libraries, and all that art and nature can produce, while thousands of the children of the same Heavenly Father, around them, are houseless and shelterless, naked and hungry. Such is the type of the civilization which our example proffers to Africa.

And how do our "lower law" apologists for Slavery dispose of the American coastwise slave trade among the facts of their impious argument? In 1820, Virginia had a slave population of 425,153. According to the ratio of increase in the whole slave population of the United States, her slaves, in 1850, should have amounted to 800,000. But the actual number was only 472,528, that is, more than 300,000 less than the proportionate natural increase. This number, or at least most of them, must have been sent to the South for sale.

In 1833, Professor Dew, of William and Mary College, said that Virginia exported her own native population, at the rate of 6,000, for which she received $1,200,000 annually.

So in 1820, the slave population of Maryland was 107,398. Making all due abatements for manumissions and escapes, this number should have increased, in thirty years, to nearly 200,000. But in 1850, it was only 90,368. The difference has gone to the remorseless South? And doubtless, in most of these cases, members of families have been torn asunder—man from woman, parents from children.

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MR. POLK (interrupting). I would ask the Chair one other question. Is it right that the gentleman from Massachusetts should assail an institution of the South, with which we are all connected, in a manner that is insulting in its character, when he does not hold himself responsible for his insults.

MR. FOWLER. I rise to another question of order. My question of order is this, that when the gentleman from Massachusetts is using his privilege, he shall be allowed to go on, and that this House shall sustain the Chair in allowing him to go forward with his remarks.

THE CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Mann] will proceed.

MR. POLK. He has no right to state falsehoods about one half of the nation——

[Shouts of "Order."]

MR. MEADE. I call for the reading of the 31st rule.

MR. JOHN W. HOWE. I call for the reading of the two platforms [great laughter].

THE CHAIRMAN. The Chair has decided that the gentleman from Massachusetts is in order, and he will proceed.

MR. MEADE. The 31st rule prohibits all discussion of this question in this house, except upon a proposition to which it is germane. I ask for the reading of that rule.

THE CHAIRMAN. The Chair has already decided that the gentleman from Massachusetts is not out of order, in pursuing this course of remark. If that decision is not satisfactory, the Chair trusts some gentleman will appeal from it.

MR. HARRIS, of Alabama. I appeal from that decision.

MR. CAMPBELL, of Ohio. Very well. Let us try it on the question of order presented by those who have been in the habit of dragging every possible question into debate here. We will see whether there is not other places in this country besides Tennessee—other parts of the Union besides the South.

MR. POLK. I take that responsibility, and appeal from the decision of the Chair. I hold the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Campbell] equally responsible; and I pronounce him the same vile slanderer as the gentleman from Massachusetts, who makes these charges.

[Cries of "Order!"]

The 31st rule was then read by the Clerk, as follows:

"When any member is about to speak in debate, or deliver any matter to the House, he shall rise from his seat, and respectfully address himself to 'Mr. Speaker,' and shall confine himself to the question under debate, and avoid personality."

MR. MANN continued: Mr. Chairman, for myself, I do not regret this interruption. But I did not think it possible even after the Baltimore edict had gone forth, even after a Senator had been silenced at the other end of the Capitol [Mr. Sumner], and also a Representative on this floor [Mr. Cleveland], because they proposed to speak on the subject of Slavery—I did not think it possible, when I was in the legitimate course of making a speech, and was rightfully entitled to the floor, and was in order, that a dozen men should start up here, so hostile to hearing the words of truth and soberness, when spoken in relation to the institution of Slavery

Another collateral effect which Slavery has produced, is the promulgation from the Halls of Congress, and also from—what in such cases is not the *sacred*, but the *profane* desk—that there is no "Higher Law" than the Constitution, or than any interpretation which any corrupt Congress may put upon it. Such a doctrine is nothing less than palpable and flagrant atheism. If I am bound to obey any human law, or constitution, as my paramount rule of duty, thenceforth that rule becomes my supreme arbiter, judge, and god; and I am compelled, by logical necessity, to abjure, renounce, and depose all others. There cannot be two supreme rules of right. If I acknowledge myself bound by the divine law, and that comes in conflict with the human law, then I must disobey the latter. But if the human law be the Higher Law, and if it conflicts with God's law, then I am bound to disobey the law of God. If the Constitution be the "Higher Law," then we, on taking our seats in this House, and all magistrates and legislators when entering upon the duties of their respective offices, ought not to take an oath before God to support the Constitution, but ought to swear by the Constitution to support that first, and God afterwards; provided it is convenient. I say, then, that this doctrine—which is of the off-choots of Slavery—that there is no higher law than the law of the State, is palpable and practical atheism. And yet it is perfectly well known to all who hear me, and to all who frequent the purlieus of Congress, that there is no butt of ridicule so common here, nothing which so readily and so frequently raises the "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." as a fling or jeer at the "Higher Law."

Sir, it is of fearful omen when the laws of men are made, even in theory, to take precedence and override the laws of God. And the last aggravation is added to the iniquity when the politician disguises himself beneath the garb of a priest, and cloaks his wickedness under the show of religion.

No person feels a profounder reverence, or would pay a sincerer homage to a godly, sin-avoiding, sin-exposing priesthood, than myself. But I have no adequate words to express my abhorrence for the clerical hypocrite, with whom religion is neither a sanctification of the soul, nor a purification of the body, but only a kind of policy of insurance against the retribution in another world for sins committed in this, accompanied all the while by knavish tricks on the part of the insured to cheat the Divine Insurer out of His premium.

Mr. SUTHERLAND. I ask the gentleman from Massachusetts whether it is possible that the higher law of God can come in conflict with the Constitution?

Mr. MANN. I think it would be better to ask whether the Constitution comes in conflict with the higher law.

Mr. SUTHERLAND. I ask the gentleman if every American citizen does not obey the higher law of God when he obeys every part of the Constitution? And can any good result come from discussing these immaterial abstractions? Is not the spirit of the Constitution in accordance with the higher law? Can you point to a clause in the Constitution which, when fulfiling to the best of my ability, would make me violate the higher law of God?

Mr. MANN. That is not to the point.

Mr. SUTHERLAND. It is the very point. You and others—I say it with all possible respect—disturb the harmony of this House and the country by trying to get up issues upon abstract questions of morality, which have nothing whatever to do with the proceedings of this House, or with correct public sentiment. If I should undertake to make an issue between you and me upon the subject of Slavery, it would be wrong. Yet you get up here and attempt to make this issue before the country. You get up an issue upon an immaterial question of morality, which simply tends to excite men without any practical benefit.

Mr. MANN. I hope the gentleman will not interrupt me further. His argument would have answered just as well in the time of Herod, the Tetrarch, when he issued the order for the murder of all the children under two years of age. The murderers doubtless got ten-dollar commission fees for the deed. So those who massacred thirty-six thousand Protestants on St. Bartholmew's day at the ringing of a signal-bell, went by the "Higher Law" of the Pope, or of his vicegerent, the King; and had not they *their* "Union" to save by it? And our Pilgrim Fathers were driven by the "Higher Law" of a hierarchical Parliament. And so if you admit this doctrine, there is no enormity, actual or conceivable, which may not be perpetrated and justified under it?

The gentleman says I am discussing "immaterial abstractions," and raising issues that have no practical bearing. Is the fugitive slave law an "immaterial abstraction?"—law, which violates both the divine law and the Constitution of the country. Ask the free man, Gibson, who was sent into bondage under it when as much entitled to his liberty as you or I, whether that law has not some bearing on a practical question. Are not the Baltimore edicts before the country? And have they no practical bearing, when their very purpose is to suppress free speech; and when that purpose has been executed again and again? and the attempt has been made here, within the last half hour, upon me, to enforce it?

Now, sir, I do not believe in preaching against theoretical and distant sins, and letting real and present ones escape. I do not believe in denouncing Hindoo suttees, because they are on the other side of the globe, and defending the extension of Slavery in our own land. That sin has the beguiling defence of office and profits not less than ours. But that sin destroys only the body; ours the soul. The modern clergyman of the "lower law" school can select some monster of the Old Testament—Darius, Nebuchadnezzar, or Jeroboam—and hold them up for execration, while they suffer the greater moral monsters of their own parishes to escape with impunity. They have no mercy for Jeroboam, old hunker though he was, because he "drove Israel from following the Lord," more especially as there was no chance for the Presidency, nor any tariff nor any sale of dry goods to the South to tempt him. But they forget that each and all of the worst sinners whose names blacken the page of history had their accompanying temptations, and their casuistry for self-defence, just as much as the offenders of our day. They forget that when posterity looks backwards upon great crimes, as they stand out in historic relief, they are seen in their foul nakedness and deformity, and without any of the palliations or pretexts by which their wickedness was softened to the tempted eye of the perpetrator. They forget that it will be as true of the crimes of our day, as of ancient ones, when the evanescent circumstances of the seduction have passed by—that then they, too, will stand out in the foreground of the historic canvas, in their full proportions, and in their native deformity, hideous, unmitigated, and execrable. Had not Ananias and Saphira a temptation every whit as strong to keep back from the apostles a part of their possessions, as though they had been offered a sinecure chaplaincy in the Navy for defending the fugitive slave law? We have historic proof that Benedict Arnold attempted to justify his treason, on the ground that he was seeking the best good of the colonies, just as his followers in our times seek to justify themselves by the far less plausible plea of saving the Union.

I know it is said, that if the doctrine of the "Higher Law" is admitted, all laws will be set at naught, and civil government be overthrown. All history refutes this; for, of all the men who have ever lived, those who contend for the "Higher Law" of God have universally been the most faithful and obedient, when human laws were coincident with the divine. That identical principle in our nature, which makes us true to the will of God, makes us also true to all the just commands of men.*

Another consequence of most evil portent has grown out of the late political enthusiasm for Slavery: I mean a false interpretation of the law of treason. Sir, you know, and we all know, that under the bloody reigns of British tyrants, *treason by construction* was the great engine of political and personal vengeance. Under the old doctrine of constructive treason, if living lips dared to preach the gospel of freedom, they were forced to preach the doctrine of abject submission to ungodly laws; for the heads they belonged to were decapitated and borne on soldier's pikes through the streets of cities, and hung up to fester and rot at all the city gates. I could occupy the day with the recital of instances, where the purest innocence and the noblest virtues fell a sacrifice to a forced and arbitrary construction of the law of treason. Having lately looked through those English cases, I now declare that they were not one whit a greater outrage upon the English law, than was Judge Kane's charge to the Grand Jury in the Christiana cases. Both had in view the same object, to *put down agitation for freedom*, and Lord Jeffries's expositions were as plausible as Judge Kane's.

To exclude all possibility of constructive treason, under our Constitution, its framers defined that offence in the following words:

"Treason against the United States shall consist ONLY in levying war against them; or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

Judge Kane says, that whatever would make a man an *accessory to* the crime, in any other felony, makes him a *principal* in this; when the very intent of the new definition in our Constitution, was so far to abrogate the English law. The emphatic word *only*, in our definition, expressly excludes the accessory. It is *only* the man who levies the war, or the man who adheres to the enemies of the country, who is, or, under our Constitution, can be a traitor. The other interpretation, opens the door to all the constructive treasons known to the worst days of English judicial tyranny—the very door which the framers of our Constitution intended to look and double-look and fasten impregnably.

And again: the doctrine of accessories and the relation of accessories to principals, was a part of the English common law. That common law, these United States never adopted, as has been decided again and again, and therefore, there can be no accessories in treason, by construction.

And besides all this, the seventh section of the Fugitive Slave Law provides a penalty for every act which a man can commit in assisting the escape of a slave; so that, if any such act were treason before, it is no longer so; for no legal principle is better settled than that when a subsequent statute reduces the penalty provided in a previous one, the previous act is so far repealed, even without any repealing words. On any ground, therefore, the charge of Judge Kane is only inferior in monstrousness to the law whose inherent atrocity he sought to aggravate.

A similar attempt to create constructive treason was made in the Syracuse cases; but the air of Western New York, being more electric with freedom, had a salutary effect upon the health of the court. Would to Heaven that these healthful breezes of the country could reach and sweep away the judicial miasma that stagnates upon our Atlantic cities.

The district attorney at Syracuse having rendered himself obnoxious by the inordinate zeal with which he pursued the suspected in the rescue cases at that city, I was glad to see it stated in the newspapers that the ladies of the place had a meeting, and sent him a present of thirty pieces of silver. They were three-cent pieces, however—ninety cents in the whole! The ancient Judas got larger pieces. Such, however, is now the rivalry to fill his place, that the competitors must content themselves with smaller coin.

It was said, also, that when Jerry, the alleged fugitive in that case, reached Her Majesty's dominions, he put the irons with which he had been "dressed" into a nice box, and sent them to President Fillmore. When the signer of the Fugitive Slave Law unboxed these irons, and unwrapped them, and first took in the full significance of their meaning, it must have presented a scene worthy of the highest art of the historic painter! I trust it so happened that they were received and opened at a cabinet meeting.

And under this prolific head of the collateral consequences of Slavery, I say again, and finally, where else, since the light of the Christian era first dawned upon the world, has it ever been known that the leading men of a young Republic espoused the side of Slavery? It is unnatural as parricide. Look at the Republic of Switzerland, or at the States General of Holland. Look at France at the period of the great revolution, when in her maddened throes for liberty, after fifteen centuries of oppression, one of her first acts was the recognition of the natural and universal freedom of man. Look at the South American Republics, composed as they mainly were of Catholics, who for ages had been inured to bodily and mental thraldom, and amongst whom Slavery was an existing institution, as it was here when our Declaration of Independence was promulgated, yet by a noble act of moral heroism they cast the incubus away. Yes, I repeat, ours is the first Republic since Christ died for men whose leaders have disowned and deserted the principles of their government, and become the willing champions of the most remorseless of despotisms.

Sir, I may as well remark here as anywhere, in order to make any honest misconstruction of my views impossible, that when I speak of the all-comprehending wickedness of Slavery—when I say that it is in relation to the wrongs and crimes of men—what the *Primum Mobile* was in the ancient systems of astronomy—an all-encircling and all-upholding conclave, within which every wrong and every crime has its natural home—when I affirm this, I affirm it of the system or institution of Slavery. And to this I wish to add—what all history proves—that good men may be implicated in a bad system—as in the English hierarchy, which I regard as a vicious system of church government; and yet how many super-eminently great, and good, and pious men it has produced; or, as in the Catholic religion, which I believe to be an untrue form of Christianity, and yet in no religion have there been brighter examples of purity and beneficence. In battling to overcome the wrongs and errors into which a man has been born, the moral sentiments like the intellect grow heroic as they become victorious, and in their noble strivings they reach a sublimity of virtue proportioned to the depths of vice from which they spring. But this does not prevent bad systems from producing their natural fruits on the mass of men.

And now, having shown what a mighty wrong Slavery is, in and of itself; having shown what collateral debasement, cruelty, and practical atheism it generates and diffuses, let me ask, if the political Free Soil party do not go to the uttermost verge that patriot, moralist, or Christian can go, when it consents to let Slavery remain where it is? There is an endeavour to make up a false issue for the country, and for the tribunal of history on this subject. Free Soilers are charged with interfering with Slavery within the jurisdiction of the States where it is. This allegation is wholly unfounded. Our whole object has been simply to keep it within the jurisdiction of the States where it is. We would not have it profane free territory. We would not allow it to double its present domain. We would not see it blast with nameless and innumerable woes, two-thirds of our territorial area on the Pacific coast, as it already has two-thirds on the Atlantic. This is all we have done. And, to the argument that, with only about three slaves to a square mile over all your territory, you, gentlemen of the slave States, must have more space, because you are becoming suffocated by so close crowding, we simply reply, that we cannot admit that argument, because it dovotes the whole world to inevitable Slavery. For, if you already need a greater expanse of territory for comfortable room, that too, will soon be crowded with three slaves to a square mile, and the argument for further conquest and expansion will come back upon us. Yielding again, the argument will speedily recur again. It will be a never-ending, still-beginning pretext for extension, until the whole world shall become a vast realm of Slavery—even the free States being engulfed with the rest, so that the dove of freedom will have no spot on the surface of the globe where she can set her foot.

And now, notwithstanding the infinite evil and wrong of Slavery, intrinsic in it, and inseparable from it; notwithstanding the virus with which it poisons all our free institutions—its exclusion of independent communities from the brotherhood of the Union; its hardening the nation's heart against all people struggling for liberty; its atheist-making; its attempt to transfer the whole false English code of high treason into our law; and all its debasement of the republican sentiment, and the moral sentiment of this country; notwithstanding all this, the Baltimore Conventions decree that the subject of Slavery shall be agitated among us no more forever.

Look at the comprehensiveness of this interdict. It embraces all subjects. It forbids the political economist from discussing the relative productiveness of free and slave labour. It forbids the educationist from demonstrating that a slaveholding people must always, from the necessity of the case, be an ignorant people—a people divided not only into castes of wealth, but into castes of intelligence. It forbids genius from presenting Truth in the glowing similitudes of Fiction; and that divine-hearted woman, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is under the Baltimore ban. It forbids the poet, whose lips, from olden days have been touched as with live coals from off the heavenly altar—from ever again kindling the hearts of mankind with a divine enthusiasm for liberty. It strikes out all the leading chapters from the book of the moralist. It puts its seal upon the lips of the minister of Christ, when he would declare the whole counsel of God, and forbids him ever again to preach from the text, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." All—worldly prosperity, education, genius, morality, religion, truth—are struck out by these Baltimore Conventions in their maniacal partizanship.

The noblest men whom God has ever sent into the world—patriots, reformers, philanthropists, apostles, and Jesus Christ himself, are on the side of freedom. Tyrants, usurpers, traitors, men-stealers, the wholesale murderers and robbers of nations, are on the side of Slavery. The Baltimore Conventions enlist under the banners of the latter. They affiliate with the House of Hapsburg, and with Nicholas; with the King of Naples, and with the "Prince-President" of France. One might almost suppose they had plagiarized their resolves from the Paris *Moniteur*, where that ape who mimics the imperial grandeur he cannot comprehend, records his tyrannical decree against freedom of speech. Louis Napoleon decreed free discussion out of existence in France. Six hundred men at Baltimore decreed the same thing for this country. The ape succeeded; *they* fail.

And how are these resolves to be construed, provided new questions respecting Slavery arise, or questions already started are precipitated upon us? Should an attempt to annex Cuba, in order still further to aggrandize the Slave Power, be made—and if General Pierce should be elected, such attempt doubtless will be made—or should a new State, with a slave constitution, from California, apply for admission; or should Mexico be again dismembered to form new slave territory, and new slave States; in the occurrence of these events, or of either of them, how are these Baltimore resolutions to be then construed? We know perfectly well what claim will be set up. It will be said that the new events come within the terms of the prohibition—*casus foederis*—and bind the nation to silence. It will be claimed that the resolutions cover not only all subjects, but all time; and enslave our children as well as ourselves.

I have exposed the character and extent of those resolutions. Let me now expose their motive. I charge upon those Conventions the base motive of attempting to silence discussion by force—as in this House and in the Senate, the same spirit once rejected petitions, and would now silence debate—because they are conscious they cannot meet it by argument. The Fugitive Slave Law, for instance, is assailed by the jurist because it is unconstitutional; by the patriot, because it disgraces the country in the eyes of the civilized world; by the religious man, because it is unchristian; and by every one who has the sentiment of humanity in his bosom, for its unheard-of cruelty. The upholders of that law can answer no one of these arraignments. Their only resource, therefore, is the dastardly denial of discussion and free speech. Like Louis Napoleon, who, having no possibility of reply to the accusations of treachery, perjury, and usurpation, forbids the accusations to be made. Among all our constitutional judges, and among all those mock judges called commissioners, there is not one who has met the arguments against the constitutionality of this law. They entrench themselves behind a feeble rampart of precedents as their only defence. Judge Noggins decides it to be constitutional, because Judge Scroggins had decided it to be so. And when we look back to Judge Scroggins for light, we find he decided it to be constitutional, because Judge Spriggins had held it to be so. Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, whom I regard as one of the ablest judges who administered the common law, anywhere, virtually admitted, in the Sims case, that if the question of the constitutionality of this law were a new one, the affirmative could not be sustained. I repeat, then, it is a dastardly order to keep silence, because they cannot meet discussion. Necessity is their only defence,

"——and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excuse their devilish deed."

Let me state in a few simple propositions the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law, which has been so much elaborated elsewhere:

Excepting the Army and Navy, the Constitution of the United States declares that "no person shall * be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." It also declares that, "in suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed $20, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved."

Now, every case of claim for an alleged slave necessarily involves both the question of liberty and the question of property.

By the constitution of every free State in this Union, every person within it is presumed to be a free man; or, in other words, there is never any *prima facie* presumption that any man within it is a slave. Every man is presumptively free until proved to be otherwise. If the civil condition or *status* of Slavery is to be fastened upon any one, it must be done by the decision of a tribunal having jurisdiction over liberty and property—that is, by court and jury. The *prima facie* evidence that a man is free, entitles him to the tribunal and the trial of a free man. But under this fugitive slave law, a man's *prima facie* right to the tribunal and the trial of a free man is taken away, not by a court and jury, but by a complaint and warrant. A claimant demands a human being presumptively free as his slave, and that mere demand is made to cancel the presumption of freedom and self-ownership, to take him away from a freeman's tribunal of court and jury, and to carry him for trial before a slave tribunal—that is, a commissioner. Is it replied, that the decision of the commissioner that he is a slave, and not a free man, proves that he had no right to the tribunal and the trial of a free man; I retort, that before an unbought, unbribed, freeman's tribunal, there might have been a contrary decision; but you prejudged him to be a slave, by carrying him before a slave tribunal, and you robbed him of the first right of a free man, by depriving him of a freeman's tribunal and trial. For him, and for his case, you abolish the trial by jury. And if, by virtue of such complaint and warrant, you can deprive any person, in any free State, of trial by jury, you can by the same rule deprive all the men in all the free States of this trial—that is, you can abolish that trial for all this class of cases; and then, by equivalent legislation, you can abolish it in all cases whatever. Where, then, is that right to a trial by jury which the constitution declares "shall be preserved?"

The law, then, is palpably unconstitutional, because it takes from a man presumptively free the right to be tried as a freeman; and it is because the Baltimore Conventions cannot answer this argument, that they forbid its promulgation.

And besides this, the proofs which the law provides for and declares *conclusive* are abhorrent to reason, to common sense, and to the common law. It provides that evidence taken in a Southern State, at any time or place which a claimant may select, without any notice, or any possibility of knowledge on the part of the person to be robbed and enslaved by it, may be clandestinely carried or sent to any place where it is to be used, and there sprung upon its victim, as a wild beast springs from its jungle upon the passer-by; and it provides that this evidence, thus surreptitiously taken and used, shall be *conclusive* proof of the facts of Slavery and of escape from Slavery. It does not submit the sufficiency of the evidence to the judgment of the tribunal; but it arbitrarily makes it *conclusive* whether sufficient or not. It abolishes the common law distinction between competence and credibility. Indeed, it abolishes the elementary idea of a court of justice itself, considered as a tribunal whose functions are, first and chiefest, to hear both sides, and then to discern between truth and falsehood. The heathen emblem of justice was that of a goddess, holding balances in her hand, and weighing with holy exactness all conflicting probabilities and testimonies. The true emblem of this law would be that of some Glossin lawyer, clutching at ten dollars as a bribe, and trampling the sacred balances under foot.

What would the Southern gentlemen who hear me say, if, while attending to your duties in this Hall, a miscreant in any Northern city or State, without knowledge or possibility of knowledge on your part, should now be suborning witnesses to obtain evidence that your house, your plantation or cotton crop was his, and by and by should make his appearance on your premises demanding instant possession, and, in case of refusal, or demur, should drag you before some ten dollar magistrate, read his *conclusive* proof, while you are forced to be dumb, and then thrust you out of estate, house and home? And yet this fugitive slave law is as much more atrocious than that would be, as liberty is more precious than pelf.

The cruel fruits of this law have been such as might be expected to grow on so wicked a stock. The first man sent into Slavery under it, Adam Gibson, was a free man. When the claimant's agent brought Gibson to him, he refused to receive him; for he knew, and he knew that all his household and neighbours would know, that Gibson had never been his slave. And so, after this free man had been seized as a slave, and sentenced as a slave, and dragged forcibly away from home to Maryland as a slave, by the authority and at the expense of the United States, he was set adrift and left to find his way back as he could.

Of the first eight persons doomed to Slavery under this law, four were free men.

When this dreadful law was first broached, it was said that we might rely upon the intelligence and integrity of the Southern courts to send into the land of freedom no certificates that would doom men to bondage unless founded upon competent and undoubted testimony. But in the case of Daniel, who was tried before Mr. Commissioner Smith, at Buffalo, the slave claimant never carried a single witness before the court that made the record of Slavery and of escape. The Southern court made the record on affidavits only, and then gave the claimant a certified copy of it, without ever seeing or hearing a witness in the case. These affidavits were given by nobody knows whom, and sworn to by nobody knows whom, perhaps not sworn to at all, but forged for the occasion; yet on sight of them the commissioner pronounced Daniel to be a slave. It afterwards turned out, on a hearing before Judge Conkling of the United States court, that there never had been one particle or scintilla of evidence before the commissioner on which his ten dollar certificate of Slavery was founded.

In another case, in Philadelphia, Commissioner Ingraham decided some point directly against law and authority; and when a decision of a judge of the United States court was produced against him, he coolly said, he differed from the judge, made out the certificate, pocketed the ten dollars, and sent a human being to bondage. There could be no appeal from this iniquity, for the law allows none.

In another case, before Mr. Commissioner Hallett, of Boston, were white persons were examined, on a charge of rescuing an alleged slave, he admitted this foreign evidence of a State court, taken in secret, against the native-born citizens of a free State.

And yet, with all these abominations on the face of the law, and after long train of outrages in its administration, the Baltimore Whig resolutions, which, perhaps, are the less iniquitous of the two, declare that the law shall not be modified, unless "time and experience" shall demonstrate some abuse of its powers How low down must these men live, that they do not call what has already happened an abuse!

A story is current respecting the origin of this law, for whose authenticity I cannot personally vouch; but it certainly carries verisimilitude on its face. The bill is said to have been concocted by a Southern disunionist, anxious for some pretext to break up the Republic, and who therefore prepared a bill so unconstitutional, so abominable and fiendish, that, as he believed, even the recklessness of Northern servility must spurn it. He would then make its rejection his war-cry for disunion. But, alas! he had not fathomed the baseness of Northern politicians. What a Southern "fire-eater" thought too unrighteous for any human being to touch, the Northern aspirants for the Presidency adopted "with alacrity," and rolled as a sweet morsel under their tongue. Now, both Whig and Democratic Conventions reaffirm the law, and attribute to it a sacredness and a permanency unknown to the Constitution itself.

Sir, when I survey, one after another, the horrid features of this law—its palpable violation both of the letter and the spirit of the Constitution; its contempt and defiance of that great organic law, the Declaration of Independence, and of the whole spirit and acts and lives of our revolutionary fathers; its repugnance to all the noblest maxims and principles of the British Constitution, consecrated and hallowed as these have been, from age to age, by patriots' struggles and by martyrs' blood; its fabrications of such a code of evidence as was never before placed on the statute-book of any civilized nation; its provisions for deciding *exclusively* the question of a man's liberty, in what is to him a foreign State, and before what is to him a foreign tribunal, without the possibility of his appearing there to confront witnesses, or even of knowing what the conspirators against him are doing; its peremptory orders to seize a man and try the unspeakably precious question of his freedom and self-ownership, "in a summary manner," when even robbers, pirates and murderers, must have notice of their accusation, adequate time to prepare for defence and counsel for assistance; its bribing magistrates to decide against liberty, and in favour of Slavery, and its creation of a set of officers, some of whom have so decided as to prove themselves capable of accepting a bribe; its instant execution of the dreadful sentence without appeal or writ of error; its repudiation of the statute of limitations (the policy of which is recognised by all civilized nations, not only in cases of debt, but in regard to the title to real estate, and even in regard to crime), so that a master who has abandoned his slave for forty years, can come and pluck him from wife and children, from home, property, and friends; and when, further, I see the practical workings of this law—free Northern citizens into bondage; Southern professors in the art of kidnapping chasing the shrieking fugitive from all his hiding places and his altars; monster fathers pursuing the children of their own loins, as lately happened in New York, to sell them into Slavery; the virtuous woman hunted by the lecher, from whose whips and scourging she had fled, to avoid his guilty embrace; thousands of laborious and peaceable citizens amongst us, surrounded by self-earned comfort and competence, fleeing from all the endearing relations of kindred and neighbourhood, out of a republic into a monarchy, to regain the last birthright of freedom—thus re-enacting the scenes of the Huguenot flight under Charles IX.; and, as the crowning cruelty of the whole, an entire race of free people, of innocent people, of people whose ancestors fought and fell in the battles of the Revolution, and who have as much right not merely to security and protection, but to the feeling of security and protection, under our Government, as you or I—when I see these people, filled with consternation and dismay for themselves and for their children, trembling when they look around them upon the earth, lest some tiger, in human shape, should spring from his ambush and seize them, and plunge them into Slavery's hell, and trembling when they look upward into the sky, because God seems to have forsaken them—sir, when I contemplate all these things, I am compelled, though against the common faith, to acknowledge evidence of supernatural inspiration in the hearts of men. But it is infernal and diabolical inspiration, whose evidences I recognise. Sir, this fugitive slave law was not made by man alone; for unaided total depravity is not equal to all its atrocities. Place the law and the Baltimore edicts side by side—the command and the prohibition together. "You shall chase the fugitive, but you shall not speak." As in the days of the early Christians, or like the Pilgrim Fathers, in the times of the non-conformists, we may hold our meetings only in dens or caves, or in the most secret recesses of our dwellings, with doors locked and guarded. Once the bloodhounds were muzzled; now the bloodhounds are let loose and freemen are muzzled.

Sir, when any humane and intelligent man reflects upon the attributes of this law, and then turns to the fiat of the Baltimore Conventions, that it shall not be agitated or discussed, he cannot but tremble with an agony of indignation and contempt. These resolves are so subversive, not only of all divine but of all human government; they are so audacious and yet so impotent; they assume so imperial an air, while yet they are more imbecile than an idiot's gibberish, that the great poet of our language, whose mind supplies redundant images for all things vile and mean, has but one passage that befits the vileness of this law. To borrow his words, these Baltimore resolutions are a

"——birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab."

Justice and gratitude, however, demand that I should say, that there were sixty-seven members of the Whig Convention who stood out bravely and to the last against this attempted abolition of the freedom of speech In the Democratic Convention there seems to have been scarcely a whisper of dissent.

Sir, I cannot but acknowledge that the events I have recited have an ominous look for the cause of freedom. It seems as though the black cloud which has settled down over Europe was extending its gloomy folds across this country, to envelop in darkness and despair the last hopes of liberty upon earth. But I have infinite faith in God and in truth. I believe that cloud to be surcharged with lightnings which will yet blast the oppressor. And after the lightnings and the storm have passed, then shall come the day of universal freedom and joy.

False as those Baltimore Conventions were to the Constitution of the United States, to the Declaration of Independence, to humanity, and to God, yet when we come to scan their proceedings more closely, we find that they were amenable to a power they refused to acknowledge. It was there as in the ancient mythology; the gods decreed, but there was an inexorable fate standing behind the gods, and controlling their decrees. That irresistible fate, which bound the Conventions as with a spell, and hemmed in their desires and aptitudes for wrong, which was a will within their will, was the genius of northern Anti-Slavery. There were at least half a dozen candidates, whom the Democratic Convention vastly preferred to the one they finally took up with; and there was at least one, whom the Whig Convention, under the southern pressure brought to bear upon them, would have consented to take, but for the uplifted arm of the North, which menaced inexorable defeat for any such selection, and would have terribly executed its menace. As in the vision of the Scottish seer, "coming events cast their shadows before," so here the coming thunders of the people's rebuke, sent their echoes forward, and forbade both Conventions from inscribing the more apostate names upon their banners. It was the Free Soil party of the North that held those thunders in its hands, and if it did not determine whom the Conventions should nominate, it did determine whom they should not.

Why did not the Democratic party nominate General Cass? For forty years he had stood conspicuously before the country; had served in early life, in a military capacity, on the northern frontier; been afterwards Governor of a territory now swarming with three millions of men; Ambassador abroad, and Cabinet Minister and Senator at home. Besides he was a man of unblamable private life—one who, whatever sinister rewards he may have expected, never exposed himself to the imputation of bartering his integrity for "donations;" reputed, and I believe justly reputed, to be a temperance man, which fact, by itself, had he been a candidate against a man of known intemperate habits, would have given him fifty thousand votes in New England alone—a fact which future presidential aspirants will do well to heed. Why was not General Cass nominated? His Nicholson letter was the flaming barrier, which neither the perverse Baalam of Democracy, nor its beast, was able to pass by! By that letter, as the returns of 1848 show, General Cass struck off a hundred thousand votes from his ticket in the State of New York alone. General Cass died of a modern disease, called "letter writing," which has proved singularly fatal to presidential candidates. The Nicholson letter was the malignant distemper that bloated and killed him.

Why was not Mr. Buchanan nominated—the favourite of that great State which, as she inclines one way or the other, seems to rock and sway the Union, and determine the result in every Presidential election. He was a man of great powers—one whom nature had laid out on a grand scale When the history of this country is written, Mr. Buchanan's name cannot be put in a parenthesis. He made General Jackson, rather than General Jackson him. His talents, with those of Gov. Marcy, of New York, were the salt that saved Mr. Polk's administration from putridity. He was a daring man. In 1848, in an official communication to the French Provisional Government, he boldly obtruded his counsels upon them for the formation of their constitution, as though the new Republic were his ward. Lamartine politely made a French bow in return; but saying, as he gave it, he would not tolerate advice from any other people God ever created.

Why was not Mr. Buchanan nominated? Ah! he had been even bolder in his domestic diplomacy than in his foreign. His offer to run the Missouri compromise line through to the Pacific ocean, and to sacrifice all south of that line on the altar of the Moloch of Slavery, was a grand act of apostacy to Northern sentiment and to freedom, which brought the films of death over his eyes. His *coup d'etat* was a *coup de grace*. He will be less successful in making such Northern platforms, than in making French Constitutions. In all the States north of Pennsylvania, during the forty nine ballotings, he rarely received more than half-a-dozen votes; and I think his average in those States, did not come up to that insignificant, or rather, of that *significant* number.

And what was the fate of the Senator from Illinois, whom some sagacious and over-reaching Whig called the Young Giant—a nickname which his own friends were silly enough to adopt. I say silly, for everybody knows that the common notion which the common people have of a "*young giant*" is that of unnatural and precocious *animal* development. The very name conjures up images of rowdyish passion and appetite, of nocturnal revels, of a sort of wild, obscene force, unchastened by the lessons of experience, and untempered by Nestorian wisdom. What was his reward for his implied or understood offer of the annexation of Cuba? From the four States of Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, he never at any one time, received more than sixteen votes, and in four-fifths of the ballotings he received but five or six. In winning the South he forgot the North.

"Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself
And falls on t'other side!"

Or, as a graver poet has expressed it, these worhippers at the Southern shrine, while they renounce Northern constituencies, were

——"like idiots gazing in a brook,
Who leap at stars and fasten in the mud."

I cannot stop to enumerate the victims in detail. The slain Hectors may have a monument and be remembered; but it is the felicity of the vulgar herd, in an ungodly contest, that they rot in a forgotten grave.

Long before the Baltimore Convention met, we had supposed that the Northern Democratic aspirants for the Presidency had done their worst; that they had drank the last dregs of the cup of humiliation. But Southern genius seems exhaustless in resources for Northern debasement. Some unknown political upstart n Richmond, Virginia, obtruded himself into notice by shouting out the two words, "PRESIDENCY," "PRO-SLAVERY," to all the candidates, and instantly thirteen of them were at his feet. He put to them some "more last questions" in the catechism of infamy—"whether, if they could be elected, they would veto any bill repealing the fugitive slave law," and so forth. All answered as his questions indicated they must. Forgetful of the nature of the oath they longed to take, forgetful that it is a violation of the whole spirit of our Government for the Executive to interfere with Congress, by telling them beforehand what acts of theirs he will not approve, they all hastened to give the desired response. He did not send them a pro-slavery creed, with a blank left for their signatures, but he compelled them to write out their own shame with their own hands. He did not send the collar and chains all ready for them to put on; but he said, forge them and rivet them on yourselves; and, submissive, they forged them and riveted them on, and expressed gratitude for the favour.

And now, where are those thirteen Democratic candidates? And where, too, are those two Whig candidates who, within the last two years, have done every conceivable thing, and a thousand things before inconceivable, to propitiate the slave power? Gone, sir; all gone with those who perish at Tyburn! They rebelled against humanity and against God, and verily they have their reward They mounted a platform, where they hoped to be crowned, amid the huzzas of the people; but an avenging Nemesis stood there, and, in the twinkling of an eye, changed it into the "drop platform" of the executioner. Sir, when a single malefactor receives at the hands of justice his well-merited doom, the moralist seizes the example to give a warning to others who may be tempted, in like cases, to offend. He points to the ignominious body of his victim, and, as the herald of God, he proclaims the eternal law, that crime never can compensate the criminal. He declares that, until finite man can overpower or circumvent the infinite Creator, the retributions of sin shall pursue the sinner. If the preacher does this when he has but a single victim for a text, what an accumulation of energy and emphasis is given to his admonitions when there are fifteen victims before him!

Now, there are two or three general observations on this impressive spectacle, which I wish to make. In the first place, all the leading candidates of both Conventions were Northern men. Would not the historian have signalized the event as something most extraordinary, fifteen Southern champions of Slavery, born and bred in its midst, whose very growth, bodily and mental, had been only the accretion of pro-slavery particles and ideas, and who were committed to the institution by a life-long series of acts, had suddenly gone over to Northern Free Soilers, and offered to stand upon their platform to obtain their votes? Would it have at all diminished the marvel, if these fifteen Southern applicants for Northern support, with all the followers whom lust of power or of money could enlist, had gone through all the South vociferating that, unless they should adopt the Free Soil platform, the Union would be dissolved? I think such a chapter in history would never cease to create amazement and wonder. Is it not infinitely more wonderful, in this age of the world, that Northern men should do for Slavery what we could never expect at one time, so many southern men to do even for freedom?

My second remark pertains to the number of the candidates. Never were there even half so many on the presidential race-course before. Now, why were they so numerous, as well as all from the North? The answer is obvious. The South had said again and again, and most explicitely, to the North, "Give us your most pro-slavery man and we will adopt him." It is easy to see that when moral, or even intellectual, qualifications are the test in choosing a President, the candidates must be few; but if devotion to Slavery is the sole test, then there may not only be fifteen, but five hundred, or five thousand. In this way the competitors become so numerous that the chances of success are worth nothing. Nobody will pay much for a lottery-ticket when the blanks are to the prizes a hundred to one. It was a poor speculation, therefore, for the presidential aspirants to put the price of the office so low that anybody, however obscure before, could become a rival. Cass, Buchanan, Marcy, Douglas, Dallas, Dickinson and so forth, should have thought of this before they entered the lists, and put themselves on an equality with a man whom not one in five thousand out of New Hampshire could remember ever to have heard of before, and yet who plucked the prize out of their hands.

Another remark is, that the Southern vote, in both Conventions, could have been concentrated at any time upon either one of the Northern candidates, with one remarkable exception—which I will mention by and by—provided only that the Northern men could have united upon him. At any moment the South would have accepted General Cass, or Mr. Buchanan, or Governour Marcy. In the Whig Convention, the South was most anxious to take Mr. Fillmore; but it was impossible to bring the North to their support. Each of them, by the eagerness of his pro-slavery course, had signed his own death warrant in States enough to defeat him. And as to Mr Fillmore, on whom the South were more unanimous than on any one of all the other candidates, his bloody right hand had signed the fugitive slave law; and therefore it was as certain, as anything future can be, that he could not obtain a single electoral vote north of Mason and Dixon's line. The infinite mercy of God may wash that blot from his name in another world, but it can never be forgotten in this. And thus they all came under that great moral law which forever cries "Woe! woe!" to the offender. Fascinated by the brilliancy of the prize, they forget the eternal law of rectitude and humanity, by which alone it can be honourably won and worn.

[A VOICE. What do you say of Gen. Pierce?]

Mr. MANN. Some one inquires what I say of General Pierce. I say of General Pierce, that if he had been conspicuous in the pro-slavery contest for the last two years; if he had been known as the ardent lover of the fugitive slave law, and had answered the Richmond Scott letter about a veto of it, he never would have received the Baltimore nomination. Some other man would have been exhumed for the occasion. Not knowledge of him, but ignorance of him, secured his nomination.

[A VOICE. How of General Scott?]

Mr. MANN. Had General Scott devoted himself to the cause of Slavery for the last two years, as his competitors had done, he would not have been nominated. His short comings in that iniquity, as everybody knows, is the reason, and I might almost say the sole reason, why the South and the pro-slavery part of the North oppose him. But for this the South would prefer him before either of his rivals.

In regard to Mr. Webster there are three points which I propose to elucidate—his position of special and marked hostility to Slavery in 1848, what he did for the cause of Slavery in 1850, and how the South requited him in 1852 *His* case is peculiarly impressive. Instructive warnings as all the others are, yet "the Secretary stands alone" I am about to speak of his downfall in no spirit of personal exultation, though he has done me the gre

crumbling of the Union to pieces; and there was not a member of the Castle Garden committees who would have taken one cent less, or would not have given every cent as much, for United States securities on the days when they sent forth their fraudulent resolves, as before or after.

On this point I will cite an authority whose soundness upon the question in issue I believe in, and certainly my opponents will not dispute:

"We have preserved and fostered credit till all have become interested in its further continuance and preservation. It has run deep and wide into our whole system of social life. Every man feels the vibration when a blow is struck upon it. And this is the reason why nobody has escaped the influence of the Secretary's recent measure. While credit is delicate, sensitive, easily wounded, and more easily alarmed, it is also infinitely ramified, diversified, extending everywhere, and touching everything."*

And yet the very men who, in their capacity of politicians, shrieked "danger to the Union" in their other capacity of stock-dealers and merchants, never varied their asking or their giving prices one jot or tittle. They cried "earthquake," when not a rumble could be heard, nor a jar felt; and they tried to make us believe that a tornado was uprooting the forests, when nobody could see a leaf on a tree moving. No! the cry of danger to the Union was raised to divert the attention from their assaults upon the Constitution. It was the latter and not the former that was in danger.

Another reason, and it is a standing and continuous one, why there was no danger to the Union, consists in the fact that the South, according to their own estmate, are under bonds of $1,500,000,000 to keep the public peace. Let them break up this Union, and their property in slaves, which they now value at this enormous sum, will not, at the end of a quarter of a century, be worth so many groats. Does anybody imagine that this Union can be dissolved without civil commotion, without revolution by arms? Sir, this is a subject inconceivably painful; but it is a possibility spoken of and sported with by others with such levity, that I am constrained to invest it with some of its appropriate solemnities. Does any one believe there can be two border nations, one founded on the principle of freedom, and the other on the basis of Slavery, having a contiguous frontier of three thousand miles, and daily traversing the same waters, with immunity from war? And in such wars, who will be the eager allies of the North? Sir, there are ten thousand fugitive slaves in Canada to-day, capable of bearing arms, and their number is increasing faster than ever. They are practicing the use of firearms, and the *menage* of the horse. The story of their oppressions is recounted every day, in every hamlet and at every fire-side. The mothers nurse their children with milk and with vengeance together. The knowledge of a North star is penetrating further and further into the Southern interior, and arousing new hearts to the effort of self-emancipation. A dissolution of the Union repeals the accursed act of 1850. The free soil of Canada and the British Provinces—the only free soil there now is on the north-eastern part of this continent—is brought down to Mason and Dixon's line. We have in the northern States a population of two hundred thousand of African descent. In case of war between the two sections, thousands of this coloured race will fly to the land of bondage swift as they ever flew from it. They will go to make desolation of the realm that once made desolation of them, and of all they held dear. Under their avenging cry, insurgents will rise up like an exhalation over all the South. There are no motives more terrible than those which urge a bondsman to his revenge. Perpetual proximity between master and slave, furnishes perpetual opportunity for retribution. Every house is an arsenal of weapons; every tool on the plantation an instrument of death. Fire and darkness are allies which nature proffers him. In this warfare, the master does not go into the battle alone; his wife and children are at his side, whose weakness or whose beauty, in presence of an imbruted foe, may provoke the first assault. Ay, sir, in a civil or a servile war, the South will be in a more perilous condition than if every kernel of gunpowder in all the magazines of an army just on the eve of battle, should suddenly become animated, and set itself on fire. If the South wish to exhibit to the world, on a magnificent scale, the natural retributions of Slavery; if they wish to realize, in their own fair land, and by Hyder Alis of their own, Burke's terrible picture of the desolation of the Carnatic, they have but one thing to do, and that is to dissolve the Union. But I do not fear that any such madness will possess them. As I said before, they are under bonds of $1,500,000,000 to keep the peace, and their wives and daughters are sureties in the bonds. All wealth that is consumable, all affection that is destructible, all chastity that is violable, are pledged for the fulfilment of their vows.

Waiving a hundred other facts and considerations, the two which I have now specified are sufficient to show that this cry of "danger to the Union," was wholly baseless and deceptive.

From another point of the compass and from an independent series of facts, a similar moral may be drawn for future presidential aspirants. Neither the Democratic party nor its Northern leaders had anything to gain by the Mexican war, and yet they plunged headlong into it at the dictation of the South. The Whig party, as such, always pronounced the war itself to be an aggression, and its territorial acquisitions a robbery. Yet the great body of this party voted the supply that ratified its inception. Opposition to the war of 1812, had proved politically disastrous to many of those who made it; and it was foreseen that opposition to the Mexican war might be attended with similar results. Hence the lukewarmness of Whig opposition in Congress, and hence the voting of supplies to carry it on. Hence the pro-slavery men and the "manifest destiny" men were allowed to have their way; and so the war was continued at an estimated expenditure in the whole, of more than $200,000,000, and the ultimate acquisition of territory, some portion of which is already occupied by slaves, and two-thirds of which is laid open to Slavery by law.

And now, what has been the effect of that war upon both the Democratic and Whig civilians, who either vigorously sustained it, or opposed to it only a feeble resistance? It made the Cæsars who have come back to rule over Rome. But for the Mexican war, General Taylor would have remained a "frontier colonel," as Mr. Webster sneeringly called him, and not even lunacy would have conceived of him for President. But for the Mexican war, General Scott, though in honour and in bravery retaining his invincibility, would have lacked, to political wooers, the more potent charm of availability, and would never have been nominated. And but for the Mexican war, the shades of oblivion would soon have perfected their easy work of hiding the name of General Pierce from the world forever. And now, behold the civilians, Cass, Buchanan, Marcy, and the rest, who stood sponsors and godfathers for that bloody deed. Defeated in 1848 by the very man whom the war they supported had raised up! General Taylor discomfited only one Santa Anna in Mexico, but half a dozen at home. Look, too, at Mr. Webster, whose giant blows, had they been struck at the fitting time, might have broken the helmet and pierced the mailed armour of that Mars; yet see him thrust aside in 1848 to make room for one hero born of that war; and in 1852, hardly allowed to enter his name as a competitor against another. In 1852, also, see General Pierce, who had about as much to do with the Mexican victories, as little Lulus had to do with the Trojan war, yet plucking the nomination from Cass, Buchanan, Marcy, Douglas, and all the rest. The Camp triumphs over Cabinet and Senate. The *cedent arma togæ* is read backwards. How many of these warriors will remain in 1856, and in 1860, to shoulder aside the civilians for the third and fourth time, because they were false to their duty in waging or in tolerating that war, remains to be seen. But what a righteous retribution for those civilians, who, at first, might have prevented, or afterwards might have stayed, that effusion of human blood! As a specimen of poetic justice, romance, or drama, has nothing finer.

I have, sir, but one topic more to present, before I shall have sufficiently disobeyed and defied the Baltimore resolutions, for this time, and shall be ready to sit down. As I said before, present omens forebode ill to the cause of freedom in this land; but a more searching analysis throws a cheering light upon our prospects.

Let us see, in the first place, why it is that the North, with almost two-thirds of the population and of the votes of the whole Union, is controlled on all questions pertaining to Slavery by the other third belonging to the South. The answer is at hand. We at the North are divided into two parties, Whigs and Democrats, who balance, and, in all political contests, neutralize each other. Nominally, the South is divided into the same parties, but, in whatever regards Slavery, it is undivided and a unit—indissoluble as the Siamese twins; for where you find Chang, you are sure to find Eng. On tariffs, river and harbour improvements, and so forth, they carry on a feeble and somnolent warfare among themselves; but whenever the tocsin of Slavery is sounded, they awaken to seize their arms, and form in solid column for a quick-step march to the point in contest. Hence, by obtaining the feeblest support from the North—generally speaking by stealing marches upon us, while we are engrossed by our accustomed vocations—an easy triumph is won. The nominal division of parties, therefore, is very far from being the true one. The ocuntry is, and for a long time has been, for all purposes aside from the spoils of office, divided into three parties of very nearly equal numbers,—the Whigs and Democrats of the North, and the pro-slavery party of the South—the latter, with the slightest aid, or even with the acquiescence from either of the others, being able to prevail. And this will continue to be the case until a practical Anti-Slavery party is formed at the North, to balance this pro-slavery party of the South, and to do battle for liberty as they do for Slavery. Such a party, in sufficient numbers to contend successfully with its antagonists, may not be immediately formed, and therefore I see before us a period of struggle and trial. But the spirit of God is on our side in this work. The laws of the moral universe, the laws of nature, the laws of population and power, are our allies, and therefore we must prevail.

Look at the amazing fact that the Southern States, with more than double the area of the Northern, after an experiment of more than sixty years of free government, have but about half the free population of the latter. I say the area of the former is more than double the area of the latter; but this is by no means the only element of their natural superiority. Their milder climate, their more fertile and easily-cultivated soil, and its happy adaptation for producing the great staples of commerce which the whole civilized world will have and are ready to pay for, gives to the South at least a two-fold advantage over the North, acre for acre, or State for State. With their supereminent and easily-understood advantages, the Southern section of the Union might possess, and but for Slavery, would today possess, three-fold the population of the Northern section—all free, all blessed with more abounding comforts and competence, and with all the means of embellishment, education, and universal culture. As compared with the North in all that gives individual independence or social strength, instead of being as one to two, they should be as three to one. Ohio and Kentucky, separated only by a ribbon's width of water, illustrates this problem, even to school boys. It is Slavery, and Slavery alone, that has struck them down from their lofty pre-eminence; that has dwarfed their gigantic capacities, and driven them to maintain an ascendancy—ultimately worthless, and worse than worthless—by suborning Northern politicians, instead of exulting in the legitimate superiority of home-born and undecaying vigour.

And this is the only fulfillment of an eternal law which always has been, and always will be, exemplified in the history of mankind—the law that all error is weakness; that all wickedness is dementia. By a law, fixed as gravitation, error tends to ruin, and moral wrong to imbecility. Let any individual act upon a false theory, and in that, his hopes will be disappointed, and his fortunes maimed. Let a community legalize false principles, or adopt evil institutions into its organic law—which is *its* censorium—its strength becomes faintness, and its glory turns black. False notions, or even ignorance about the laws of health, bring disease upon an individual, or epidemics upon a country. False conclusions in political economy bankrupt a city, or the treasury of a nation. False metaphysical or theological dogmas cramp the faculties, vitiate the knowledge, and repress the aspirations of their possessors, and the schools or the sects that adopt them dwindle into weakness, become contemptible, and perish. God kills out error by the meanness of its results. Neither caste, primogeniture, nor hierarchy can save it. The false notions of Aristotle, about the perfectness of the circle for motion, and the law of equilibrium of fluids, with other absurdities, kept the philosophic and inventive genius of the world in irons for two thousand years; but then they passed into everlasting contempt. False maxims in government, and false practices in political economy, have worked out the terrible problem of Ireland's ruin, sending almost two millions of people through disease and starvation into the grave, or into exile, within the last ten years, and completing, by processes which make "destruction sicken," the dreadful demonstration of a crime which was begun six centuries ago, and has now passed into the Gehenna of eternal execration wherever history shall be read.

Now, as Slavery is error and wickedness combined, it must incur the penalties ordained of God against both. As it corrupts domestic virtues, contravenes the natural laws of a nation's prosperity and growth, excludes and drives away those who are instinct with the love of freedom from setting within its borders, makes general education impossible, and eviscerates from the Gospel of Jesus Christ the highest and purest of its principles and precepts, it follows by a law of adamantine necessity that the body politic, which suffers it, is vulnerable in every part, and that physical and moral death besieges every gate of its citadel. Slavery assails all the laws of God broadside, and it must, therefore, receive His retributions broadside.

These are but specimens of the weaknesses which is always inflicted by error, and of the fatuity that ensues from moral wrong. They are specimens of those "Higher Laws" of God which fulfil their destiny, whether men heed them or defy. They crush the restraint while resisting, and silence the blasphemer in mid volley.

If the Northern States of this Union, therefore, will cherish liberty, while the Southern foster Slavery, the predominance of the former in political power, as well as in all other things desirable, will soon be overwhelming. Foreign annexations by the latter cannot redress the ballance. They but palliate the symptoms of a distemper which is organic, as the newly-erected wing of a lazar house for a time dilutes the infection, which it soon sends back to aggravate the general virulence. I appeal to the friends of liberty, then, wherever they may be found, to stand fast to their integrity; for, to adopt the sentiment of Mr. Jefferson, in such a contest, there is not an attribute of the Almighty but must take part with us.

Sir, I have endeavoured now no speak upon the real and true state of the Union. I have desired to ascertain towards what point of the moral compass this great vehicle, which we call Government, freighted as it is with so much of human welfare, and with the fondest hopes of the oppressed, is now moving. I have sought to determine that direction, not by the meteoric lights which are exhaled from human passion and selfishness, but by taking observation of the unchangeable luminaries of truth and duty, which shine down upon us forever from their fixed places in the skies. I have spoken no word in the spirit of a partizan or a politician; but have sought to embrace within my vision the horizon of the future as well as of the present.

The mere politician judges of events by their immediate consequences—by their relation to himself and his party. Under our Constitution, the next four years is the politician's eternity. The next election is his judgement day. The blessedness of his future consists in an anticipated share of the $200,000,000 to be distributed from the National Treasury during the next presidential terms, and in being one of the hundred thousand men who for the same period are to be elevated into conspicuousness, or to abide in their obscurity. But the eternity that I belive in will not end on the 4th of March, 1856. Consequences are to flow from events now passing, which are unending in their nature and their influence. Interests are at stake infinitely more important than the temporary official prominence or obscurity of a hundred thousand men—infinitely more precious than $200,000,000, or two hundred millions of Californias, with golden Australias to boot. He only is worthy the name of statesman, he only is fit to preside over the affairs of a great nation, whose vision takes in the vast relations of cause and effect; whose judgment is determined by what must be, in the future, as well as by what exists in the present, and who never erects a superstructure of Constitution or law for the protection or the enjoyment of any human interest, without laying its foundations on the law of God.

A HERO OF NEW ORLEANS.—Mr. Packenham, late Minister at Washington, was one day dining at the residence of Hon. Senator Barrow, of Louisiana. Before dinner, and in the temporary absence of his host from the room, her majesty's ambassador was accosted by an old grey-headed coloured man, who was in the apartment, 'putting things to rights,' with—'Massa, is you' name Packingum?' 'Yes,' said the Minister. 'Was dat you' brudder dat was killed at Orleans, in de great battle dar?' 'He was,' replied the Ambassador. 'Well, dere!—somehow or nudder I *t'ought* so! I was dar myself. I seen him popped ober wid my own eyes. Great fight, dat, massa!' While at dinner, Mr. Packenham said to Mr. Barrow: 'Your man tells me, sir, that he was at the battle of New Orleans.' 'He was,' said Mr. Barrow, 'and acquitted himself nobly in that engagement;' but at the same time he 'looked daggers' at the old 'seneschal' for having broached such a subject in the presence of his guest. 'He tells me, too,' said Mr. Packenham, 'that he saw my brother fall.' The frown upon the host's face grew darker, and the subject was adroitly changed. The next day, 'Sam' came in to Mr. Barrow with a note: 'Massa, dere's a note, and dey say dat it's for *me*. E'yah! e'yah!' And sure enough, it *was* for him; moreover, it was an invitation to dine the next day with Mr. Packenham, which he did, and was listened to with intense interest while he rehearsed the events of the great battle, 'all of which he saw, and part of which he was.'—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

THE following items are from a late Richmond (Va.) paper:

SHOOTING IN KING GEORGE.—We perceive by *The Alexandria Gazette*, that the gentleman from whom we received our information had been wrongly informed about the shooting of a negro by Col. Tayloe. The negro was shot by Mr. Ball, the overseer, but not killed, Col. Tayloe being in Baltimore at the time. We gave the report as we received it from a gentleman who we know would not intentionally have led us into error—we allude to Capt B. Darracott, than whom there is no more correct man, who, if we are not mistaken, stated to us that he received the information from a relative of the overseer's.

A PASS THAT WOULDN'T PASS.—Patrick Johnson, a free boy from the County of Henrico, was arrested by the watchmen for being in the street with a pass given him by Messrs. Royster & Gentry, to whom he was hired, and for want of a register, was caged. Yesterday morning his certificate of freedom was exhibited to the Court, who discharged him. Will gentlemen who hire free negroes over twelve years of age never learn that passes are not worth a pepper-corn to them, as the law requires each one to have a certificate of freedom always at hand? Attention to this might save many dollars, and much trouble.

OUT OF DATE.—Henry Temple was arrested and caged for permitting his free papers to run out of date. The mayor ordered him to have them renewed at the next Court, and then granted his discharge.

GOING AT LARGE.—Reuben Winston, a free slave negro, arrested for going at large with a pass given him by Micajah Bates, and purporting to be a slave to N. C. Crenshaw, of Hanover, was committed to jail until Wednesday next for further examination. This old negro is said to be the father of the notorious Fleming Winston, noticed by us in another place, and if his boys are chips of the old block, it will be well to keep him locked up for the remainder of his days.

CAPTURE OF RUNAWAY SLAVES.—Two runaway slaves, named George Goode and Samuel Smith, have been caught at Petersburg, Pa. They had travelled from Alabama by the aid of forged papers, and were on their way to the North. Poor fellows!

A SLAVE STEALER ARRESTED.—Reuben Johnson, a free negro, that had been for a long time past a wagon driver for Mr. Lintner, has been committed before the police court to answer the charge of abducting the slaves of C. Q. Armstrong. One Douglass, mayhap a brother of Fred's, a trifling free negro of Jeffersonville, stands charged with aiding the negro to run off.—*Louisville Courier, 24th.*

A SCHISM has taken place among the Germans in Wheeling, Va., in relation to revolutionary movements. They have divided into two factions, calling themselves Freemen and Old Hunkers. The Freemen have rallied around Prof. Winkol, and are said to entertain the most enlarged ideas of liberty, and to have decided Abolition tendencies.

* Webster's Speeches—[Speech on the Removal of the Deposites]—vol. 4., p. 92.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

. *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1852

Jerry Rescue Celebration!

AT SYRACUSE—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1852.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY of the Rescue of the man JERRY, at Syracuse, on the 1st day of October, 1851, from the custody of Official Kidnappers, is to be celebrated. That act was the trumpet peal to the Sons of Liberty throughout the world. It was an act which, springing from sacred veneration for Law, defeated the blasphemous attempt of this nation to "exalt itself above all that is called God." It was an act, whether regarded as a vindication of the unchangeable laws of Justice and Humanity, or in its consequences to the cause of Human Rights, the most sublime in American History. It was the heroism of the Right. It stirred the hearts, and quickened the pulse, of the Friends of Freedom throughout America; and it is fitting that it should be commemorated, in congratulations, in rejoicings, in exultation, in argument and eloquence and song. It is fitting that the 1st day of October be made a Festal Day in the calendar of Freedom, so long as in America is denied to one human being the exercise of those Rights which are the free gift of the Almighty Father of us all. It stamped forever with reprobation and with execration, the atheistical and piratical doctrine, that Robbery of Man's inalienable Rights can be Law. To the outraged American Slave—to the oppressed Hungarian—to the disfranchised Sons of Erin—to the victims of Might against Right of all lands and all climes, it is the Star of Hope. It is a glorious harbinger of "Peace on earth and good will to man"—for there is greatness, and peace, and happiness, and joy, only where men do to others as they would have others do to them. It was the bold and practical assertion of the Truth on which the political redemption of mankind rests—that ROBBERY CANNOT BE LAW. Insensible, indeed, to all that makes Humanity glorious—to all that links Man to the Divinity—would the people of New York be, were they to suffer one Anniversary of this mighty event—an event whose consequences no intellect can compute—to pass by without such a commemoration as the great hearts which have sworn eternal fidelity on the altar of Freedom alone can give. Such, beyond peradventure, this Celebration will be. By direction, we issue this Call, as a response to the deep and irrepressible feeling in the minds of thousands upon thousands of the men and women of our land.

Arrangements will be made, befitting the august occasion. John P. Hale, Gerrit Smith, Lucretia Mott, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Joshua R. Giddings, Frederick Douglass, Ernestine L. Rose, are among the noble names of those whose eloquent tongues will minister to this "feast of reason and flow of soul." Others, as heard from, will be announced.

If possible, the Ohio Tent will be obtained, which will shelter 5,000 persons. In any event, the best possible preparations will be made; well knowing that, if need be, the descendants of the men who marked their pathway over the frozen earth of Valley Forge with their blood, for independence, can, for one day, suffer the inconvenience of an "October sun," in commemorating a practical illustration of the immortal Principles of the Declaration on which that Independence was won. Americans dwell with just and exultant pride on the fact that cargoes of tea were consigned to Boston Harbour, in defiance of and to degrade a statute in conflict with their subsequent Declaration of Independence. We now invite the descendants of those heroic men to the Celebration of an act which, in its vindication of the eternal principles of Right, as far transcends that noble deed as Man is more valuable than tea. Then, Come One! Come All! to this Jubilee of Liberty, with joyful hearts, filled with praise and gratitude to the Giver of all good, that the heroic and beautiful Spirit of Freedom is not yet dead in the hearts of the American People. SYRACUSE, September 13, 1852.

W. L. CRANDAL, JOHN THOMAS,
SAMUEL J. MAY, THOMAS G. WHITE,
CHAS. A. WHEATON, ALANSON THORP,
COMMITTEE.

THE THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

THE country has been relieved from the annual night-mare that sits squat on its breast for the chief of the year at an earlier hour than usual. One can imagine that one lives under not quite so disgraceful a government as it is, when the fact of its existence is not made a fixed one by every newspaper, and galvanized into our consciousness by every vibration of the telegraphic wires. The Logocracy at Washington has dispersed itself, and honest men have a chance to draw one or two long breaths before its rascalities shall be again forced upon their sight. The Thirty-Second Congress, thus far, has not been able to better the bloody instructors of the Thirty-First. But that was, perhaps, impossible. The Fugitive Slave Bill hardly could be improved upon. It must take another age to produce a Phœnix like that—such another "secular bird,"

"That no second knows nor third."

Or, at least, it would have seemed so in any other country. But in this land, more fertile in monsters than "Africa or Ind," it is thought rather creditable to this Congress that it has not teemed with some yet more horrid birth. As it was, it has only baptized and adopted the last, pronouncing it an angelic presence which it is impiety to think could be made more perfect. It being born for the blessing of mankind of the last Congress, nothing remained for this but to become its sponsors and nursing fathers, which offices it hastened to assume as soon as it was possible to do so. No Thibetian priests could be more prompt and zealous in their adoration of the suckling Grand Lama than was this Congress in bowing down before the newest arbiter of political destiny. And suckling as it was, scarce eighteen months old, it had shown a truly devilish appetite for the human sacrifices that reeked upon its altars.

Still the Congress is not dead, and we need not despair of its yet producing something worthy to belong to the same family as the Fugitive Law. It has yet another session; and what that may bring forth, passes the sagacity of the shrewdest prophet. Certainly, no prophet, though he had been himself the son of one, could have foretold the abominable brood of Eighteen Hundred and Fifty. Even Satan did not know what was coming when Sin sprung from out his head. The very men who devised, certainly those that carried the Law through, would have been as much offended as the Syrian of old had such a prophet told them what vile and miserable dogs they were going to prove themselves. It is not until the moment of trial that men can tell either the good or the ill they are capable of. It is impossible to imagine anything that a body of President-making politicians would not do for the sake of setting up the idol they prefer. The Compromise Measures were mere President-making tricks. It was that Sin that conceived them and that Iniquity that brought them forth. If any improvement upon them be possible, we may be sure that we shall see it reached after, if not attained, within three years from this date. It is possible that the field may be allowed to lie fallow for a year or two. The very next session will not begin until after the next President is chosen, and even the one after will be rather soon for putting in the plough against the next quadrennial harvest.

The result of our American Experiment, so far, does not seem to argue conclusively in favour of an Elective Chief Magistracy. The theory is mighty fine, no doubt, that all the free and enlightened inhabitants of a Great Nation should select its worthiest citizen for its highest office by their own unbiassed suffrages. But, in its working, the masses of the people have no more voice in the choice of their Ruler than the People of England have in the number of Queen Victoria's children. A handful of needy adventurers, those looking forward to bread or wealth from the National alms-basket, as a general thing, get together in some tavern bar-room and choose one of themselves delegate to a district Convention, according to the party they belong to, which Conventions thus made up, elect the delegates to the National Conventions which decide on the candidates. The candidates having been selected by these Conventions, the mass of the people have, practically, no option in the matter. They must vote for one or the other if they wish to give their vote any weight. There is nothing to prevent their throwing it away, if they choose; but that is a choice of evils they seldom make. Thus, in point of fact, the great body of the people have no part in the choice of President, excepting to choose between the two candidates set before them by two perfectly irresponsible collections of men. And the selection of these candidates and the machinery by which it is to be made to fall on the one or the other of the prominent men on either side, is the main business of every Congress. The Compromise Measures were a part of such a diabolical machine.

Now, we will not affirm that there is any better way of getting a President than this. Certainly, the quality of the fabrics, of late years, does not speak very loudly of the machine. But it shows that the arguments in favour of the hereditary element of succession are not so groundless and absurd as frantic Republicans are apt to regard them. In other countries, there is sometimes an interval of rest. The making of kings is not a web like that woven in the loom of Penelope. It has not to be forever done over again. And then the grumbling speculation in Offices is not so rampant anywhere as here. President-making is a mere matter of dollars and cents. The offices are worth so much a year. A man who has shown himself a diligent partizan expects, and will probably get, a share of public plunder. The men prominent enough to be in Congress expect the high Prizes; those that fill up the cry in the States, look for Postmasterships and Custom-house clerkships. The better portion of the people care comparatively little for the whole scramble, but generally fall in with one side or the other, according to their surroundings. But the prospect of what is to be got is the main-spring of all the activity—the vital energy of every Presidential campaign. It is in this game that Congress is habitually engaged. Even questions that appear to be as far removed from the Presidential one "as is from the centre thrice to the utmost pole," are still bound closely to it by the all-pervading influence of political gravitation. This State or that is to be favoured in the dispensation of Public Works and Public Improvements, according to the prospects of this or that candidate for nomination. This or that man has a chance for his just, or his injust, claim in proportion to the weight he or his friends can throw into that balance.

Now, it would not be of much consequence how Presidents are made, or who they are, to the great mass of the inhabitants of the country, if the log-rolling were limited to such timber as offices on the one hand and roads and dockyards on the other. It is of very small consequence who signs the Acts of Congress at Washington, or who distributes the letters in Bungtown. The mischief is that every right and security of minorities and individuals is thrown into the hopper of this Mill that refuses no grist that can be cooked up into toll for the Millers. No king or Kaiser was ever more utterly unscrupulous than these office-seekers, on a large and on a small scale, in their disregard of popular and personal rights. The system embraces all that is bad in that hereditary succession, without its countervailing advantages. We have the rapacity, the unscrupulousness, the irresponsibility, without the quiet and repose of Despotism. Still, we would not have the one system exchanged for the other. There is a reasonable possibility of the people taking their noses from the grindstone, when they see they are sharpened for other people's benefit and not for their own, and when there is not, as yet, a Standing Army behind them to hold them to it. We would not even abolish Congress, useless for good and mighty for evil as it appears. It may become the means of its own purification as long as any degree of Freedom of Speech is left to it. As a Legislative Body, it is naught; but as an Anti-Slavery Debating Society, it is not without its uses. It is worth its cost to have a Whispering Gallery through which such men as Rantoul, and Giddings, and Townshend, and Mann, and Hale, and Sumner, can utter truths in the ears of listening tyrants throughout the land. It is a Nuisance, but not without its incidental advantages.

E. Q.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR SYRACUSE CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR GAY: The National Woman's Rights Convention has come over our sky, like a gentle rain-cloud, and passed on, to be numbered among things past. In itself considered, it is one of the most remarkable and interesting bodies that ever assembled in this city. The common sympathy of our citizens has probably been as favourable as that of any city in the country to the delegates present.

The convention assembled on the 8th, and was called to order by Mrs. Paulina W. Davis. Lucy Stone was elected Secretary *pro tem.* Prayer was offered by Rev. S. J. May. Among the prominent characters present were Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Ernestine Rose, Lydia F. Fowler, of your city, James and Lucretia Mott, Paulina W. Davis, Martha Wright, Henry Fish, Abby H. Price, Harriett K. Hunt, Clarina Nichols, Susan B. Anthony, Lydia A. Jenkins, Antoinette Brown, Lucy Stone, Gerrit Smith, B. S. and J. Elizabeth Jones.

Lucretia Mott was appointed President, and performed the duties of that office with great efficiency. The conventions of the other sex which have met here have not, for courtesy, ability and dignity, equalled this assembly; and certainly their presiding officers were far inferior, in energy and sagacity, to Lucretia Mott.

The Business Committee reported several very forcible resolutions. Different individuals, from time to time, proposed others. The discussions were therefore general, and were of a very exciting character. Yet the strictest decorum prevailed. The ladies spoke in perfectly natural tones of voice, generally rich and musical, and were easily heard, in the main, all over the hall. Considering that public halls are constructed with no knowledge or reference, on the part of the architect, as to the best methods of conducting sound, this must be considered as evincing that women are not illy adapted to be public speakers.

Most of the speakers demanded the right of suffrage, of holding property, of preserving a distinct identity in law after marriage, and supported these claims with cogent arguments.

Mrs. Nichols, of the *Windham County Democrat*, defended the right of suffrage, on the principle of republicanism, that women were taxed, and, being taxed, had a rightful claim to be represented. The right to resist taxation till such time was distinctly stated in the first resolutions reported, and was defended by the majority of speakers.

Gerrit Smith reported three new resolutions in the afternoon. They were as stern and expressive as such things generally are from him. They demanded no privileges nor honours, but RIGHTS, and allotted all rights equally to woman as to man. Mrs. E. Oakes Smith followed with a highly finished and classical address. They had not come here for private wrongs. Let Syracuse, which has become the Thermopylæ of liberty, be the place for their struggle. She did not want a talking convention. They must organize; they wanted no more Helots, no more judicial murders, no more abandoned outcasts. Female industry must enter every department and profession. In spite of Paul, they must preach.

Lucy Stone, truthful, talented and eloquent, earnestly urged woman to be independent actors in every department of industry. Antoinette Brown, the logician and student preacher, took the position that the sexes had their peculiarities. Both were, therefore, needed in making laws. Governments had their just powers from the consent of the governed; but woman's consent had not been asked. Women were disfranchised, and degraded because disfranchised. She would not send women into public life to become men, but to remain women. After several speeches of similar sentiment, the meeting adjourned till evening.

Gerrit Smith was called out by the President, and opened by playfully remarking that the women had complained of men's usurpation of their rights, but they had been taking great liberties with his rights, in trying to get a speech out of him. He wanted women to have a fair field to test their ability. It was time to criticise them when the experiment had been made.

Lucy Stone wanted women to refuse to pay taxes. In Boston, the Court House was hung in chains, and Thomas Sims, in the prime of his manhood, was cast down from the platform of Freedom to seeth in the cauldron of Slavery, and Boston women were taxed to defray the expenses.

A Mr. Brigham undertook a little to set the women right. He complimented them by giving them a superior sphere, but was not willing to let them have a share in the out-door business of the world. Gerrit Smith, whose positions he questioned, said he would not give him the privilege Abimilech wished, not to be slain by a woman, and should, therefore, turn him over to Lucretia Mott. Mrs. M. settled the case for him most decidedly. The audience thought him used up, but he did not think so himself. He was afraid the women would become masculine. Lucy Stone replied that God had made them women, and would keep them so.

On Thursday, we had some capital addresses. Mrs. Gage, of Manlius, was quite elaborate. Jane Elizabeth Jones wanted to vote and be voted for. B. J. Jones was nettlesome, and teased the other members considerably by his calls to order; but finding the influence rather the other way, he gradually dropt his interference.

In the afternoon, there were several off-hand speeches worth special notice. Mrs. Rose was clear and energetic. Clarina Nichols, Abby Price, and Mrs. Davis, in turn, gave addresses which attracted the frequent plaudits of the assembly.

We had Brigham in the evening again. He was less pointed in the criticisms he saw fit to make. The several rejoinders were quite humourous, and the gentleman did not gain much.

Antoinette Brown then delivered a lucid, logical and unanswerable Bible argument, demonstrating, by the Scriptures and the writings of Paul, that women have a moral right and duty to preach the Gospel.

Mrs. Rose responded, complimenting Miss Brown for her effort, but at the same time she emphatically discountenanced Bible appeals. She did not like this testing self-evident truths by a book which would admit double constructions. When the Boston people turned their harbour into a tea-pot, could not the Bible be quoted to prove the action wrong? Lydia A. Jenkins also made an able address.

The question of forming a permanent organization came up, and, after being discussed at considerable length, was laid over. Mrs Smith, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Jones were advocates; and Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Rose, and others, opposed. The speeches made by these several persons were very able, and would not figure contemptibly beside a Congressional debate. No vulgar allusion of any sort was made. A high-toned refinement characterized every speaker; yet their arguments were very forcible. "Which is the most honourable—which deserving the most lucrative compensation, the one who rears the children, or the one who rears the calves and lambs?"

Now came on the first exhibition of rowdyism and scurrility to be witnessed in this Convention. A vagrant priest, from Massachusetts, wished to know whether this body accepted the authority of the Bible. Mrs Mott replied that the subject had not been acted on; that each member had private opinions, to which they had as good a right as clergymen. He put the question again. She repeated that the subject had not been decided in Convention.

In the afternoon, after a snarl with the Business Committee was arranged, Mr. Hatch came up again. He began by alluding to Brigham's treatment, so as to ingratiate himself with the assembly. He then assailed several of Miss Stone's positions in a quite becoming style. All parties were hoping for a glorious contest between him and the ladies. But he turned to degrading allusions. The President requested him not to retail his rowdy conversation in his part of the Hall. He became grosser. She requested the audience to preserve their dignity if the speaker did not. He became first sentimental, then brutishly indecent. The President at once arrested him; and the audience generally hissed. Stephen Smith told him he had said quite enough. Another remarked, he supposed a minister of the Gospel was to speak, not a rowdy. The *Reverend* wished to speak a little father, but was ruled out. He left the stand, followed by a general hiss. The *Journal* reporter refused to take down his notes. The *Star* was more full. The *Standard* gave a somewhat incorrect version.

Miss Anthony informed the assembly that he was out soliciting funds—perhaps to go to the Fejee Islands. He was probably trying to get a situation in this city—but perhaps will not succeed.

Antoinette Brown called up her resolution on female preaching. Mrs. Rose heped it would not pass. The President favoured the same sentiment. Bible discussions were impossible. A man quoted to her 1 Jer. iii, xvi, to which she replied, "The *is* is in italics, and it should read 'All Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable,' a sentiment with which this Convention concurs." The next meeting was appointed at Cleveland.

Much of the evening was spent in a discussion upon starting an organ in your city, with Mrs. Smith for editor. Lucy Stone then delivered a most earnest and patriotic address. Mrs. Mott followed, after which the Convention adjourned by singing a doxology. Thus closed this eventful session.

The general disposition of our citizens was to treat the ladies courteously. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Rose, and Mrs. Mott were quite favourites. Mrs. Nichols, was quite a trump. The *Star* was venomous, and kept up articles of the "flash" order; but it cannot be a decent sheet till Southern rowdyism is out of vogue.

Lucy delivered an address this evening. The house was crowded more densely than ever, and a large number went away unable to enter. Miss Brown received the same reception last week. I would comment—but this is a good hardy task with the most vexatious steel pens a mortal was ever tormented with. PHI.

FROM OUR NEW HAMPSHIRE CORRESPONDENT.

MR. GAY: As New Hampshire is not now the least among the nations or States, having at this time two native citizens nominees for the Presidency of the United States, you or some of your readers may wish to hear occasionally from this important section of the country.

A prominent topic of conversation here among the people is the Democratic nomination for the Presidency and the nominee's prospect of an election. Many of his friends affect to be quite confident that he will be the next President. It is desirable that the friends of freedom, and indeed the mass of voters, should obtain correct information as to the character and standing of this nominee, and his bearing and appearance among his neighbours and acquaintances; but such information cannot at present be obtained from partizan politicians, whether friends or opponents. Some of us who have stood aloof from politics for some years past, may give more reliable information, as we are not particularly partial to the leading men of the old parties. When a new man is suddenly nominated for an important office, a curiosity is excited in the public mind to know something about the man, and hence the numerous inquiries abroad in relation to the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. I will endeavour to gratify this curiosity to some extent. It so happens that I am in a position from which I can look down upon the valley of the Merrimack and witness what is going on among the people there, and I have the advantage of steam and lightning as well as others—and hence, from my position and facilities for observation, I may be enabled to note down a few facts or items, some of which might not be brought to notice from other sources.

General Franklin Pierce, the Democratic nominee, is about forty-eight years of age, and is a son of General Benjamin Pierce, formerly of the town of Hillsborough in the County of Hillsborough in this State, who was for some years Sheriff of the County of Hillsborough, and afterwards Governor of the State. The General, senior, was not a man of much learning, but of many words and vivacious manners, and was quite popular with his party. He used to style himself "*a Democrat dyed in the wool.*" General Franklin Pierce is a man of respectable talents—in person, of medium size—of fair countenance, and gentlemanly manners, with light brown hair, which he wears considerably bushed out. He has a habit, when in and about the bar of the court, of occasionally running his fingers up through his hair. In this little matter there is some philosophy: it serves to equalize the heat and electricity of the system, and perhaps quickens the intellect. He is a lawyer by profession, but not a profound one; he has been two much in politics for that. His oratory is better

Miscellaneous Department.

PRINTED FORGERIES.

Hoaxes, mystifications, forgeries, impostures of every kind—whether for personal or party purposes, or from mercenary motives—had long ceased to be a novelty in the literature of the Continent, before the literary or learned of England became addicted to the same pleasant pastime. In this country, historians, antiquarians, critics, and readers had long suffered from the effects of continental ingenuity—from the elaborate writings of scholars who never had any existence, and learned lights thrown upon "historical" events which never came to pass—before the perplexing and poisonous fruit of these practices began to flourish in our more sullen soil; and it is due to "a neighbouring nation" to notice that the first literary imposture which rises into the dignity of a real, elaborate, uncompromising, and mischievous forgery, was—an importation. George Psalmanaazaar, the distinguished Japanese, and historian of the Island of Formosa, if not a Frenchman—which he is ascertained to have been by education, and most probably by birth—was certainly not a native of these islands.

George Chalmers, the literary antiquary, enlightened the curious public, some fifty years since, with the discovery of what was believed to be the first English newspaper, the *English Mercurie*, date 1588. We are indebted to Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, for the exposure, a few years ago, of this established and unquestionable forgery, which seems to have been concocted by Dr. Birch, assisted, perhaps, by his friends, the Yorkes, with what motive we cannot even guess.

Daniel Defoe, at a later period, was a master of a more harmless species of mystification. Who, among the civilized and sentimental even of the present day, does not—in the face of all fact—believe in his heart in Robinson Crusoe? There is one portion of the history of this wonderful work which, fortunately, we are not bound to believe—namely, the fraudulent appropriation by the author of Alexander Selkirk's notes. This calumny has been long since successfully refuted. Some other of Defoe's "authentic" narratives are not so well known. The adventures of a Cavalier during the Thirty Year's War were long believed, even by eminent authorities, to be literally and circumstantially true. And true indeed they are, when we have once set aside the fact that the cavalier in question had no existence; for the rest, the adventures are for the most part strictly historical, and those for which there is no direct authority are valuable probabilities illustrative of the great contest in which the cavalier is supposed to have taken part. In the same manner, the Life of Colonel Jack, Moll Flanders, Roxana, and Captain Singleton, are all living and breathing persons; in their biographies everything is true with the exception of the names and dates; and even these have been widely and implicitly believed by the most matter-of-fact and unimaginative persons. Defoe's most amusing mystification, however, was his pamphlet, entitled A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705, which apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's book of "Consolations against the Fear of Death." The story, which is told on the alleged authority of persons then living, details with marvellous minuteness the appearance of the ghost of Mrs. Veal to her friend—not under mysterious and solemn circumstances, with which even Mrs. Radcliffe can scarcely, now, inspire terror—but at noon day, in Mrs. Bargrave's house, where the ghost gained admission by simply knocking at the door. Neither is the spirit conventionally attired; she is in Mrs. Veal's (riding) habit as she lived, and has altogether the appearance of a respectable lady making a morning call. The air of truth which pervades every detail of the interview, throws the reader completely off his guard, and the first hint—which is most carelessly and artistically incidental—of the visitor's immateriality, is something startling as a sensation. Very artful, also, is the ghost's puff of Drelincourt on Death, in which lies the whole object of the pamphlet. The pamphlet was, in fact, a bookseller's puff, concocted to sell off a large edition of M. Drelincourt's work, which had been long lying idle on the publisher's shelves. And so great was the credence given everywhere to the ghost story, that the not very learned or lively treatise went off like wildfire.

The first important event in the life of Psalmanaazaar—his birth—remains a mystery, and is likely to remain so, in company with the long list of important mysteries which are not worth the trouble of solution. Nobody knows the name of the Free-school where his education was commenced, nor of the archiepiscopal city at whose Jesuit college it was continued. The name of the young gentleman to whom, on leaving the college he had acted as tutor, has not been handed down to fame, and the circumstances which led him to fall into a "mean and rambling life," as one of his biographers describes it, have never been recorded. He seems, from the very first, to have directed his attention to imposture; as much from natural taste as for the means of livelihood. His first crusade was against religious enthusiasts. He was of Irish extraction—so said some credentials which he contrived to procure—left his country, not for his country's good; but for the good of the Roman Catholic religion. Determining to proceed on a pilgrimage to Rome, his first necessity was a pilgrim's garb, which he contrived to carry off, together with the appropriate staff, from a chapel at noon-day. The rest of the adventure we gather from no unimpeachable source—himself. "Being thus accoutered, and furnished with a pass, I began, at all proper places, to beg my way in fluent Latin, accosting only clergymen, and persons of figure, by whom I could be understood: and found them mostly so generous and credulous that I might easily have saved money, and put myself into a much better dress, before I had gone through a score or two of miles. But so powerful was my vanity and extravagance, that as soon as I had got what I thought a sufficient viaticum, I begged no more, but viewed everything worth seeing, and then retired to some inn, where I spent my money as freely as I had obtained it."

He seems to have been about sixteen years of age when, while wandering in Germany, he first hit upon the project of passing for a native of the island of Formosa. He set to work immediately, with equal ardour and ingenuity, to form a new alphabet and language; a grammar; a division of the year into twenty months; and, finally, a new religion. In the prosecution of his scheme he experienced many difficulties. But these he surmounted by degrees. He accustomed himself to writing backwards, after the practice of Eastern nations, and was observed worshiping the rising and setting sun, and practising various other minor mummeries, with due decorum. In short, he passed everywhere for a Japanese converted to Christianity; and, resuming his old pilgrim habit, recommenced his tour in the Low Countries.

At Liege he entered into the Dutch service, and was carried by his commander to Aix-la-Chapelle. He afterwards entered into the service of the Elector of Cologne, and finding, it may be presumed, that as a convert he did not attract sufficient attention, he assumed the character of a Japanese in a benighted and unenlightened condition. As he probably anticipated, he immediately became an object of interest. At Sluys, Brigadier Lauder, a Scottish Colonel, introduced him to one Innes, the chaplain of his regiment, with a view to a spiritual conference. This was an important step in the life of the adventurer. Innes seems to have been the chief cause of the imposture being carried to its height. That he had an early inkling of the deception there can be no doubt; but he was far too prudent to avow the fact, preferring the credit of the conversation, as likely to favour his advancement in the Church.

It was arranged in the first instance that Innes should procure Psalmanaazaar's discharge; but he delayed taking this preparatory step until he should hear from the Bishop of London, to whom he had written on the subject. At length, finding that his *protege* was paying attention to some Dutch ministers, he saw that no time was to be lost, and resolved at once to baptize the imposter—for such he had now, in his own mind, established him to be. It may be here mentioned that he had arrived at this fact by a stratagem. He had asked Psalmanaazar to write a passage of Cicero *twice* in the Formosan language, and he noticed some considerable variations in the respective renderings. He advised the adventurer with some significance to be more prepared for the future—a warning of which Psalmanaazaar took advantage by perfecting his alphabet and general system, and producing, in fact, an entirely new language. He subsequently accompanied Innes to England, where he attracted considerable attention amongst the learned. When a version of the catechism was made into the pretended Formosan language, it was pronounced by some of the first men of the day to be grammatical, and a real language, from the simple circumstance that it resembled no other. Next appeared the Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, with accounts of the Religion, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, by George Psalmanaazaar, a native of that Isle, 1704; which contained, besides the descriptive matter, pictorial illustrations of their dress, religious ceremonies, their tabernacle, and altars to the sun, moon, and the ten stars! their architecture, royal and domestic habitations, &c. This fabulous history seems to have been projected by Innes, who lent Varenius to Psalmanaazaar to assist him in his task. In the meantime he trumpeted forth the Formosan and his work in every possible direction—to such an extent indeed that the booksellers scarcely allowed the author two months for the production of his wonderful volume. The fame of the work spread far and near. The first edition was sold at once; but it was not long before doubts were expressed as to its veracity; and in the second edition the author was fain to publish a vindication. The fact was, he had fallen into some awkward blunders. He stated, for instance, that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants annually; and though this was proved to be an impossibility in so small an island without occasioning depopulation, he persisted in not lessening the number. A lively controversy upon the subject was kept up for some years, but eventually the author repented of his imposture, and made a full confession, which he left to be printed after his death. The latter years of his life were passed in useful literary pursuits, notwithstanding he was guilty of a minor imposture in connection with his great one—nothing less than fathering the invention of a white composition called Formosan japan—which speculation proved a decided failure. Psalmanaazaar was a favourite in contemporary literary circles, where he was recommended by his powers as a conversationalist. Dr. Johnson took pleasure in his society, and speaks of him with respect. He fared better than his patron Humes, who, in consequence of another nefarious transaction in which he was engaged, lost his character, and was generally avoided. Psalmanaazaar died in May, 1763.

While the author of this startling and masterly imposture was making amends in mature age for the failings of his youth, the representative of a lower class of dishonesty—a person of inferior abilities and meaner moral character—was proceeding in a stealthy, secret manner to undermine the reputation of one of our greatest English poets. Lauder was a professional critic of some talent, in a limited sphere. He contributed to the then flourishing Gentleman's Magazine; and in the pages of that periodical attracted attention by a series of articles, in which he brought charges of plagiarism against Milton. The public were not therefore unprepared for the appearance, in 1750, of a work called "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost." In the preface to this work, Lauder says, in reference to the origin of the poem:

"It is related by steady and uncontroverted tradition, that Paradise Lost was at first a tragedy; and, therefore, amongst tragedies, the first hint is properly to be sought. In a manuscript published from Milton's own hand, among a great many subjects for tragedy, is 'Adam Unparadised or, Adam in Exile;' and this, therefore, may justly be supposed the embryo of the great poem. When, therefore, I observed that Adam in exile was named amongst them, I doubted not but in finding the original of that tragedy, I should disclose the genuine source of Paradise Lost. Nor was my expectation disappointed; for having found the 'Adamus Exsul' of Grotius, I found, or imagined myself to find, the *prima stamina* of this wonderful poem." The ingenious critic rendered the admirers of Milton very uncomfortable, until the appearance of a pamphlet by Mr. John Douglas; who had a very simple but very convincing story to tell. In the year 1690, it appears there was printed in London, a Latin translation of the Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes, by one Hogæus, as he called himself on the title page, or Hogg, as he was probably known by his personal friends. And further, it was very plainly proved that the greater portion of the passages cited by Mr. Lauder, were not quotations from Masenius, Grotius, and the rest, but from the very intelligent translation, by Hogæus, of Milton himself! The striking, and frequently literal resemblance between these quotations and passages in Milton's works may thus be easily conceived. In cases where Mr. Lauder had not availed himself of Hogæus, he had not scrupled to interpolate, and manufacture whole passages, which never had any existence in the writings of the authors from whom he pretended to quote.

Whatever doubt might exist after Mr. Douglas's very valuable pamphlet with regard to the entire falsity of the charges brought against Milton, was speedily set at rest by Mr. Lauder himself in an Apology which he "most humbly addressed" to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1751, wherein he makes an abject confession of his fraud.

In the year following the exposure of this mean and mischievous imposter, there was born at Bristol, of poor parents, a boy who was destined, some sixteen years after, to occasion a literary controversy which can scarcely be considered settled, even in our own day.

In the year 1768, at the time of the opening of the New Bridge, at Bristol, there appeared in *Farley's Weekly Journal* (October 1), an Account of the Ceremonies observed at the Opening of the Old Bridge, taken, it was said, from a very ancient manuscript. The performance attracted attention; and, after much inquiry, it was discovered that the person who brought the copy to the office was a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton. He was at first very unwilling to discover whence he had obtained the original MS., and returned some evasive answers. Ultimately he stated that he had received this, together with many other MSS., in prose and verse, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in an upper room over the chapel, on the north side of Radcliffe Church.

The evidence of the boy's mother and sister is corroborative of his statement. Mrs. Chatterton tells us that her husband's uncle, John Chatterton, being sexton of Radcliffe Church, furnished, the schoolmaster, with many old parchments for covering the boys' copy books—these parchments having been found as described by her son. The best of them were put to the use intended; the rest remained in a cupboard. She thinks her husband read some of them, but does not know that he transcribed any, or was acquainted with their value. It was not until years afterwards—in another house, whither the parchments were removed with the family—that her son made the important discovery. Having examined their contents, he told his mother that he had "found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it." He then took possession of all the parchments, and was continually rummaging for more. "One day," she says, "happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible, covered with one of these parchments, he swore a great oath, and, stripping the book, carried away the cover in his pocket."

After the affair of the Bridge, Chatterton imparted some of the MSS., to Mr. George Calcott, pewterer, of Bristol; namely the "Bristow Tragedy," and some other pieces. These Calcott communicated to Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, who had been long engaged upon a history of Bristol. Most of the pieces purported to have been written by one Thomas Rowley, a monk or secular priest of the fifteenth century, and his friend, Mr. Cannynge, an eminent Bristol merchant of the same period. Notwithstanding some prevarications in Chatterton's story, Mr. Barrett believed the main portion of it, and even inserted some specimens of Rowley in his history.

In March 1769, Chatterton sent Horace Walpole, who had not then long completed his Anecdote of Painters, an offer to furnish him with accounts of a series of great painters who had once flourished at Bristol—sending him at the same time a specimen of some poetry of the same remote period. Receiving some encouragement on the score of the verses, he again wrote to Walpole, asking for his influence and assistance in a project which he had then formed of "seeking his fortune" in the metropolis—not on the ground that he himself was a man of genius, but because he was acquainted with a person, as he said, who was possessed of great manuscript treasures, discovered at Bristol. It was this person who had lent him the former specimens, and also the "Elonoure and Inga," which he transmitted with his second letter. Walpole was at first deceived by these alleged antiquities; but Gray and Mason having pronounced them to be forgeries, he returned them to Chatterton with a cold reply. There are various reports about Chatterton's personal conduct at this period; he is said to have become an infidel and a profligate—but neither charge has been proved. All that we know for certain is, that he contrived to get to London without Walpole's assistance; that he there subsisted by writing satires and miscellaneous pieces—being employed, it is said, in some cases, by the Government for party purposes. He made the acquaintance of Wilkes, Beckford, and others—but failed to procure any substantial benefit from them.

Owing to some change in his affairs—the nature of which is unknown—he seems, soon after, to have abandoned all hope of gaining the objects of his ambition—advancement and distinction. He removed from Shoreditch to a lodging in Brook Street, Holborn, and here he fell into poverty and despondency. "The short remainder of his days were spent in a conflict between pride and poverty. On the day preceding his death he refused with indignation a kind offer from Mrs. Angel (his landlady) to partake of her dinner, assuring her that he was not hungry—though he had not eaten anything for two or three days. On the twenty-fifth of August, 1770, he was found dead, in consequence, it is supposed, of having swallowed arsenic in water, or some preparation of opium. He was buried in a shell, in the burying-ground belonging to Shoe Lane workhouse." Thus was the seal put upon Chatterton's secret.

Warton, one of the most distinguished opponents of the genuineness of these poems, makes a general onslaught against them, in his History of Poetry. He does not even consider them to be very skilful forgeries. The characters in several of the manuscripts are of modern formation, mixed up most inconsistently with antique. The parchment is old, but made to look still older by yellow ochre, which can easily be rubbed off; the ink also has been tinctured with a yellow cast. In some coats of arms, drawn upon the MS. of Cannynge's Feast, the hand of a modern herald is clearly traceable. He remarks, also, upon an unnatural affectation of antique spelling and obsolete words, side by side with combinations of words and forms of phrases, which had no existence at the pretended date of the poems. In the Battle of Hastings—said to be translated from the Saxon—Stonehenge is called a Druidical temple; while at the period when the poem might be supposed to be written, no other notion prevailed concerning this monument than the supposition that it was erected in memory of Hengist's massacre. After urging several similar arguments, Warton concludes by giving the whole of the poems to Chatterton: if for no other reason, on the very probable supposition that the author of the Execution of Sir C. Baudwin, might easily be the writer of the rest.

The sad and solemn conclusion of poor Chatterton's career, leaves us no heart to dwell upon the feeble waggeries of some literary mystificators who succeeded him. Nor, indeed, under any circumstances, are such frolics worthy of any special notice. It was more than a score of years after the publication of the Rowley Poems, before any deep-meaning and really respectable forgery was brought to light. With the author of Vortigern and Rowena is associated no vulgar mystery. He has told us all about himself with most touching confidence.

Mr. Ireland's first essay at literary imposture was unwittingly suggested by his father; whose estimation of the works of Shakespeare was without bounds. It was not a mere matter of literary taste; it was not merely enthusiasm; but a creed and a faith. The most minute matters associated in the most distant manner with his idol, were carefully treasured. To please his father, young Ireland hit upon the notion of concocting nothing less than an autograph of the great poet. This duly made its appearance in the form of a mortgage deed, drawn up with a careful imitation of the legal hand-writing of the reign of James the First, and the "signature" of Shakespeare—cramped, eccentric, and unmistakeably genuine!

Who but the son can properly describe the father's joy when this precious parchment was presented to him, as having been found among some (unspecified) documents in the (imaginary) library of some *chateau* belonging to some (fictitious) friend. The deed, which purported to be between Shakespeare and one Frazer and Elizabeth his wife, was inspected by crowds of antiquaries, to whom it gave the greatest satisfaction.

Then, as the novelty of the discovery wore off, came the increased voracity which follows the first taste of blood. The old gentleman became eager and inquiring. There were probably more Shakespeare papers in the same place; and it was the duty of his son to make further researches. In vain did the unfortunate fabricator resist and return evasive answers. The antiquaries, and his father at the head of them, became more exacting. To save himself from importunities, and perhaps exposure, Mr. Ireland now penned Shakespeare's Profession of Faith, and a few letters, all of which passed muster; in many instances documents produced as two hundred years old had scarcely been in existence two hours. Then followed a decisive step. An original play by Shakespeare was pronounced to be extant; and to support his assertion, Ireland, to the great joy of the happiest of parents, produced the Vortigern and Rowena, which distinguished critics admitted to private readings pronounced to be a genuine work of the poet; and it was ultimately arranged to bring it out at Drury Lane.

Prior to this, however, some suspicions of the validity of the production had crept abroad, and were now made the subject of controversy in pamphlets and newspapers. Malone, one of the most distinguished among the opponents, made a collection of documents intended to prove the forgery; but he did not succeed in bringing them out before the representation of the piece. He issued, however, a notice to the public, warning them of the imposture, which he intended to expose. To this the elder Ireland replied by a handbill, which he caused to be circulated among the multitude, who, towards the hour of performance, were choking up the avenues to the theatre.

Meantime there were enemies within as well as without Drury Lane; and the principal of these was a no less important personage than Kemble the manager. The latter brought all the force of his wide and weighty influence against the piece; by which he called forth a severe rebuke from Sheridan, who reminded him that he was forgetting his duty as a servant of the theatre. Ireland had also an important opponent in Mrs. Siddons, who refused to lend her aid in palming Vortigern upon the public.

The piece however was announced for representation "positively" on the 2nd of April, 1796. Kemble had, it seems, endeavoured to fix the previous night for its production, "in order to pass upon the audience the compliment of All Fools' Day." Being detected in this damaging attempt, probably by the quick perception of Sheridan, the uncompromising manager succeed in announcing My Grandmother as the farce to follow—a sarcasm obvious enough to a thoroughly London audience. This was not all; leagued with Malone, and the rest of the sworn opponents, and with a real literary enthusiasm to which he was cheerfully prepared to sacrifice the interests of the theatre, Kemble had recourse to every expedient prior to, and on the night of representation, in order to crush the play. He arranged with a number of devoted adherents who were carefully posted in the house, to give himself the signal for the uproar. The signal agreed upon was the line which happened to occur in one of his own speeches.

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er."

which line he took care to deliver in a sufficiently pointed manner, and with a tremendous result. Never had such an uproar, and such derisive laughter and hooting, been heard within the walls of that most respectable theatre. Waiting with great patience until he could again obtain a hearing, Kemble came forward, and reiterated the line "with an expression," as Mr. Ireland tells us, "the most pointedly sarcastic and acrimonious it is possible to conceive."

The demonstration upon this assumed all the indignity of a "row;" and it was kept up with such effect that not one syllable more of the play was intelligible. The line occurs towards the close of the second scene of Act V.—being the last scene but one of the drama—prior to which no hostility had been manifested. Indeed, so decided was the applause that many—even of the performers—were confident of success. This was notwithstanding that Kemble had given several parts in the play not only to the most incompetent, but to the most absurd actors he could find. He had also placed Dignum purposely in a subordinate part, wherein, speaking of the sound of trumpets, he had to say "Let them bellow on," "which words were uttered with such a nasal and tin-kettle twang that no muscles save those of adamant could have resisted."

Malone's "Investigation," which was a final blow to the pretensions of the play, was not long in making its appearance. After this, Mr. Chalmers published, first his "Apology for the Believers," and then a "Supplemental Apology," wherein, says Mr. Ireland, "though advocating the untenable side of the question, he displayed a far greater depth of antiquarian research and scholastic reasoning than his opponent; in short, there is scarcely one position laid down by Malone that is not most satisfactorily refuted by Chalmers."

Ireland adds that this warfare affected him only in so far as it caused suffering to his father, who was even himself accused of having fabricated the papers, and this, he avows, was his sole reason for satisfying "the world" on the subject. The play of Henry the Second was another Shakspearian attempt by the same author; but it deceived few, and attracted generally but little attention. Mr. Ireland has since made his appearance as the author of a novel called "Rizzio." He had previously taken up his residence in Paris, where Napoleon showed him favour and attention. In England he was never forgiven by the distinguished critics, among whom was Boswell, whom he had deceived. He returned eventually, however, to his native country, and died in London not many years ago.

The name of Allan Cunningham, in association with this class of literary ingenuity, brings us down to something like our own times. It was in the summer of 1809, that Mr. Cromek, by profession an engraver, visited Dumfries, in company with Stothard the painter, for the purpose of collecting materials and drawings for a new edition of the works of Burns. He took with him a letter of introduction to a young stonemason of literary tastes—ambitious, ardent, and obscure. Their talk was all about Burns, the old Border ballads, and the Jacobite songs of the Fifteen and the Forty-five. Cromek slighted some of Allan's poems, which it may be supposed the young bard did not fail to read him, and sighed after the old minstrelsy. "The disappointed poet" (says Mr. Peter Cunningham in the interesting introduction to his father's songs) "changed the conversation, and talked about the old songs and fragments of songs still to be picked up among the peasantry of Nithsdale." Cromek was immediately seized with the notion of a collection; "the idea of a volume of imitations passed upon Cromek as genuine remains flashed across the poet's mind in a moment, and he undertook at once to put down what he knew, and to set about collecting all that could be picked up in Nithsdale and Galloway." Cromek was delighted with the idea; the "Collection," with appropriate notes and illustrations, in due time appeared, and was pronounced by competent authorities to breathe the genuine Jacobite spirit which it was impossible to mistake. Professor Wilson was the first to detect the "Jacobite spirit" as not being exactly "proof," and mercilessly exposed the deception in Blackwood—with due respect, however, for the original powers of the poet.

The last successful, and perhaps most pardonable of literary forgeries, came forth under the title of Maria Schweidler, the Amber Witch. The story (which is supposed to be told by one Abraham Schweidler, Lutheran Pastor at Cosserow, during the early part of the Thirty Years' War) appeared at Berlin in 1843, "edited" by Doctor Meinhold. At that time a school of criticism, of which Dr. Strauss was the head, gave great offence to faithful and pious people, by an assumption of critical infallibility so nice as to discriminate, even in the Gospels, between what is true and what the critics were pleased to say is false. Dr. Meinhold determined to play the Infallibles a trick. He wrote the Amber Witch, and pretended that it had been brought to him by his sexton; who had found it in a niche in the church, where it had lain for centuries among a heap of old hymn books and parish accounts. Strauss and Company were fairly caught. They published an acute analysis of the fiction, and pronounced it to be a genuine chronicle of the seventeenth century. Dr. Meinhold having thus trapped his prey, confessed the deception, and extinguished the authority of the, till then, dreaded critics.

The forgery of the Shelley letters—so fresh in the recollection of the public—is one of the most mischievous examples of the most mischievous class of literary impostures; and from various signs of the times not to be passed unnoticed by those who watch and weigh, we may expect to see even worse—that is to say cleverer—scholars of the same school. The discovery was made accidentally by Mr. Palgrave, who happened—while glancing through the volume published by Mr. Moxon—to detect in a letter supposed to be written by Shelley, a portion of an article on Florence written for the *Quarterly Review* in 1840, by his father, Sir Francis Palgrave. This was sufficient to put Mr. Moxon upon the scent. At the General Post Office the letters were declared to be genuine, "to the best of the belief" of the clerks. The postmarks were then compared with the postmarks of Byron's genuine letters to Mr Murray, posted from the same cities in the same month and year, and addressed to the same place—London. Here they failed. Where "Ravenna," on a genuine letter, was in a small, sharp type—in the Shelley letter it was a large uncertain type; and in the letters from Venice the postmark was stamped in an *italic*, and not, as in the Shelley specimens, in a Roman letter. In other respects—seals, hand-writing, manner and even matter—everything seemed undoubtedly genuine. The onus of the matter then rested with Mr. White, the publisher, from whom the letters had been purchased, Mr. White published a long account of the manner in which he had purchased them from "a well-dressed lady-like young person," who called upon him at different periods, giving very little account of herself, and still less of the manner in which the letters had come into her possession. He was introduced subsequently, however, to a person who stated himself to be a son of Byron, and the husband of the lady; and from him Mr. White completed his purchases. "It is proper," says the *Athenæum*, in noticing the above transactions, "to say thus early that there has been of late years, as we are assured, a most systematic and wholesale forgery of letters purporting to be written by Byron, Shelley, and Keats; that these forgeries carry upon them such marks of genuineness as have deceived the entire body of London collectors; that they are executed with a skill to which the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland can lay no claim; that they have been sold at public auctions, and by the hands of booksellers, to collectors of experience and rank; and that the imposition has extended to a large collection of books, bearing not only the signature of Lord Byron, but notes by him in many of their pages. . . . At the same sale at which Mr. Moxon bought the Shelley letters, were catalogued for sale a series of (unpublished) letters from Shelley to his wife, revealing the innermost secrets of his heart, and containing facts, not wholly dishonourable to a father's memory, but such as a son would wish to conceal. These letters were bought in by the son of Shelley—the present Sir Percy Shelley—and are now proved, we are told, to be forgeries." Other letters, however, which seem to have emanated from the same source, had been previously sold by auction. One—the most infamous—in which Shelley makes an assertion against the fidelity of his wife, sold, it is said, for six guineas.

The form of correspondence—especially when it involves calumnies against the dead—is the most dangerous form in which the literary forger has yet exercised his labours. That such impositions are active and widely spread—not only in England, but in many parts of the Continent—there can be no doubt.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

ON THE BRAIN OF THE NEGRO,

Compared with that of the European and the Ourang-outang.

BY FREDERICK TIEDMANN, M.D.

It has long been the prevailing opinion among naturalists, that the negro race is inferior, both in organization and intellectual powers, to the European; and that, in all the points of difference, it exhibits an approach to the monkey tribes. The object of the present paper is to institute a rigid inquiry into the validity of this opinion. The author has, for this purpose, examined an immense number of brains of persons of different sexes, of various ages, and belonging to different varieties of the human race, both by ascertaining their exact weight, and also by accurate measurement of the capacity of the cavity of the cranium, and has arrived at the following conclusions. The weight of the brain of an adult male European varies from 3 lb. 3 oz. to 4lb. 11 oz. troy weight: that of the female weighs, on an average, from 4 to 8 oz. or less than that of the male. The brain usually attains its full dimensions at the age of seven or eight; and decreases in size in old age. At the time of birth, the brain bears a larger proportion to the size of the body than at any subsequent period of life, being then as one sixth of the total weight; at two years of age it is one-fourteenth; at three, one eighteenth; at fifteen, one twenty-fourth; and in the adult period, that is, from the age of twenty to that of seventy, it is generally within the limits of one thirty-fifth and one forty-fifth. In the case of adults, however, this proportion is much regulated by the condition of the body as to corpulence; being in thin persons from one twenty-second to one twenty seventh, and in fat persons often only one fiftieth, or even one-hundreth of the total weight of the body. The brain has been found to be particularly large in some individuals possessed of extraordinary mental capacity. No perceptible difference exists, either in the average weight or the average size of the brain of the Negro and of the European; and the nerves are not larger relatively to the size of the brain, in the former than in the latter. In the external form of the brain of the Negro a very slight difference only can be traced from that of the European; but there is absolutely no difference whatsoever in its internal structure, nor does the Negro brain exhibit any greater resemblance to that of the Ourang-outang than the brain of the European, excepting, perhaps, in the more symmetrical disposition of its convolutions.

Many of the results which the author has thus deduced from his researches, are at variance with the received opinions relative to the presumed inferiority of the Negro structure, both in the conformation and relative dimensions of the brain; and he ascribes the erroneous notions which have been hitherto entertained on these subjects chiefly to prejudice, created by the circumstance that the facial angle in the Negro is smaller than in the European, and consequently makes, in this respect, an approach to that of the ape, in which it is still farther diminished. The author denies that there is any innate difference in the intellectual faculties of these two varieties of the human race; and maintains that the apparent inferiority of the Negro is altogether the result of the demoralizing influence of Slavery, and of the long-continued oppression and cruelty which have been exercised towards this unhappy portion of mankind, by their more early civilized, and consequently more successful competitors for the dominion of the world.—*Select Medical Library.*

ADDRESS ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The following address was adopted by The Woman's Rights Convention which assembled, last week, at Syracuse:

The question is repeatedly asked, by those who have thought but little upon the subject of woman's position in society—"What does woman want more than she possesses already? Is she not beloved, honoured, guarded, cherished? Wherein are her rights infringed, or her liberties curtailed?

Glowing pictures must have been drawn of the fitness of the present relations of society, and of the beauty of woman's dependence upon the protecting love of man, and frightful visions have been evoked of the confusion and perversion of nature which would occur, if the doctrine of the equal rights of man and woman was once admitted.

The idea seems to prevail that movements for the elevation of woman, arise, not from the legitimate wants of society, but from the vague restlessness of unquiet spirits; not from the serene dictates of wisdom, but from the headlong impulses of fanaticism.

We came not here to argue the question of the relative strength of intellect in man and woman, for the reform which we advocate depends not upon its settlement.

We place not the interests of woman in antagonism to those of her brother, for

"The woman's cause is man's:
They rise or sink together,
Dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

We maintain not that woman should lose any of that refinement and delicacy of spirit which as a celestial halo, ever encircles the pure in heart.

We contend not that she shall become noisy and dictatorial, and abjure the quiet graces of life.

We claim not that she, any more than her brother should engage in any vocation or appear in any situation to which her nature and abilities are not fitted But we ask for her, as for man, equality before the law, and freedom to exercise all her powers and faculties, under the direction of her own judgment and volition.

When a woman dies leaving behind her a husband and children, no appraisers come into the desolated home to examine the effects; the father is the guardian of his offspring; the family relation is not invaded by law. But when a man dies the case is entirely different; in the hour of the widow's deep distress strangers come into the house to take an inventory of the effects, strangers are appointed to be the guardians of her children, and she, their natural care-taker, thenceforth has no legal direction of their interests; strangers decide upon the propriety of the sale of the property—earned, perhaps, by her own and her husband's mutual efforts—and her interest in the estate is coolly designated as the "widow's incumbrance!"

In the extremity of her bereavement there is piled upon her, not only the dread of separation from her children, but that of being sent homeless from the spot where every object has been consecrated by her tenderest affections.

Nor is the practical working of this law better than its theory; all over the country there are widows who have been made doubly desolate by its provisions—widows separated from their children, who, if they had had the disposal of their own and their husband's mutual property, might have retrieved their circumstances, and kept the household band together.

We ask for such change in public sentiment as shall procure the repeal of this oppressive law.

We ask that woman shall have free access to vocations of profit and honour the means of earning a livelihood and independence for herself! As a general rule, profitable employments are not considered open to woman, nor are her business capabilities encouraged and developed by systematic training. Gloomy must be the feelings of the father of a family of young daughters when he is about to bid farewell to the world if he is leaving them without the means of pecuniary support. Their brothers may go out into society and gain position and competency; but for them there is but little choice of employment, and, too often, they are left with repressed and crippled energies to pine and chafe under the bitter sense of poverty and dependence.

Their pursuits are to be determined, not by their inclination, judgment, and ability, as are those of man, but by the popular estimate of what is proper and becoming. In Turkey public delicacy is outraged if a woman appears unveiled beyond the walls of the harem; in America a sentiment no less arbitrary presumes to mark out for her the precise boundaries of womanly propriety; and she who ventures to step beyond them, must do it at the peril of encountering low sneers, coarse allusions, and the withering imputation of want of feminine delicacy.

Even for the same services woman generally receives less than man. The whole tendency of our customs, habits and teachings, is to make her dependent—dependent in outward circumstances, dependent in spirit.

As a consequence of her fewer resources marriage has been to her the great means of securing position in society. Thus it is that this relation—which should ever be a "holy sacrament"—the unbiassed and generous election of the free and self-sustained being, too often is degraded into a mean acceptance of a shelter from neglect and poverty!

We ask that woman shall be trained to unfold her whole nature; to exercise all her powers and faculties.

It is said that the domestic circle is the peculiar province of woman; that "men are what mothers make them." But how can that woman who does not live for self-culture and self-development, who has herself no exalted objects in life, imbue her children with lofty aspirations, or train her sons to a free and glorious manhood?

She best can fulfil the duties of wife and mother who is fitted for other and varied usefulness.

The being who lives for one relation only, cannot possess the power and scope which are required for the highest excellence even in that one. If the whole body is left without exercise, one arm does not become strong; if the tree is stunted in its growth, one branch does not shoot into surpassing luxuriance.

That woman whose habits and mental training enable her to assist and sustain her husband in seasons of difficulty, and whose children rely on her as a wise counsellor, commands a life-long reverence far deeper and dearer than can be secured by transient accomplishments, or the most refined and delicate imbecility!

All women are not wives and mothers, but all have spirits needing development, powers that grow with their exercise.

Those who are best acquainted with the state of society, know that there is, at this time a vast amount of unhappiness among women for want of free outlets to their powers; that thousands are yearning for fuller development, and a wider field of usefulness. The same energies which in man find vent in the professions, and in the thousand forms of business and study, must find an ennobling channel in woman, else they will be frittered away in trifles, or turned into instruments to prey upon their possessor.

To follow the empty round of fashion, to retail gossip and scandal, to be an ornament in the parlour or a mere drudge in the kitchen, to live as an appendage to any human being, does not fill up nor satisfy the capacities of a soul awakened to a sense of its true wants, and the far-reaching and mighty interests which cluster around its existence.

We protest against the tyranny of that public sentiment which assigns any arbitrary sphere to woman.

God has made the happiness and development of His creatures to depend upon the free exercise of their powers and faculties. Freedom is the law of beauty, written by His fingers upon the human mind, and the only condition upon which it can attain to its full stature, and expand in its natural and beautiful proportions.

It is recognised, in reference to man, that his judgment, opportunities and abilities are the proper measure of his sphere. "The tools to him who can use them." But the same principles are not trusted in their application to woman, lest, forsooth, she should lose her feminine characteristics, and, like the lost Pleiad, forsake her native sphere!

It seems to be forgotten that the laws of nature will not be suspended; that the human mind, when released from pressure, like water, must find its own level; that woman cannot, if she would, cast away her nature and instincts; that it is only when we are left free to obey the inward attractions of our being that we fall into our natural places, and move in our God-appointed orbits.

We ask that none shall dare to come in between woman and her Maker, and with unhallowed hands attempt to plant their shallow posts and draw their flimsy cords around the heaven-wide sphere of an immortal spirit.

We maintain that God has not so failed in his adaptations as to give powers to be wasted, talents to be wrapped in a napkin; and that the possession of faculties and capabilities is the warrant of nature, the command of the All-wise for their culture and exercise.

We believe that the woman who is obeying the convictions of her own soul, and whose ability is commensurate with her employment, is ever in her own true sphere; whether in her quiet home she is training her children to noblenes and virtue, or is standing as a physician by the bed of sickness and sorrow—whether with Elizabeth Fry she is preaching the gospel of glad tidings to the sad dwellers in prison, or, like the Italian, Lauri Bassi, is filling a professor's chair and expounding philosophy to admiring and instructed listeners.

While we demand for woman a more complete physical, intellectual and moral education, as the means of strengthening and beautifying her own nature, and of ennobling the whole race, we also ask for a more elevated standard of excellence and moral purity in man; and we maintain that if there is any place of resort or employment in society which necessarily would sully the delicacy of woman's spirit, in that, man also must be contaminated and degraded.

Woman, indeed, should wear about her, wherever she moves, the protecting investment of innocence and purity; but not less is it requisite that he who is the companion of her life should guard his spirit with the same sacred and beautiful covering.

We believe that woman as an accountable being cannot innocently merge her individuality in that of her brother, or accept from him the limitations of her sphere.

In all life's great extremities she also is thrown upon her inwards resources, and stands alone. Man cannot step in between her and the "accusing angel" of her own conscience; alone in the solitude of her spirit she must wrestle with her own sorrows; none can walk for her "the valley of the shadow of death." When her brother shall be able to settle for her accountabilities, and "give to God a ransom for her soul," then, and not till then, may she rightly commit to him the direction of her powers and activities.

We ask, in fine, for the application of the fundamental principles of Christianity and republicanism to this, as to all other questions of vital importance; and appealing to all who desire the progression and happiness of the whole race, we ask them, as magnanimous men and true women, to examine this subject in the spirit of a generous and candid investigation.

THE ORDER OF DISCONTENTS—AIDS TO CONTENTMENT.

If the race of discontents would accustom themselves to a little qui